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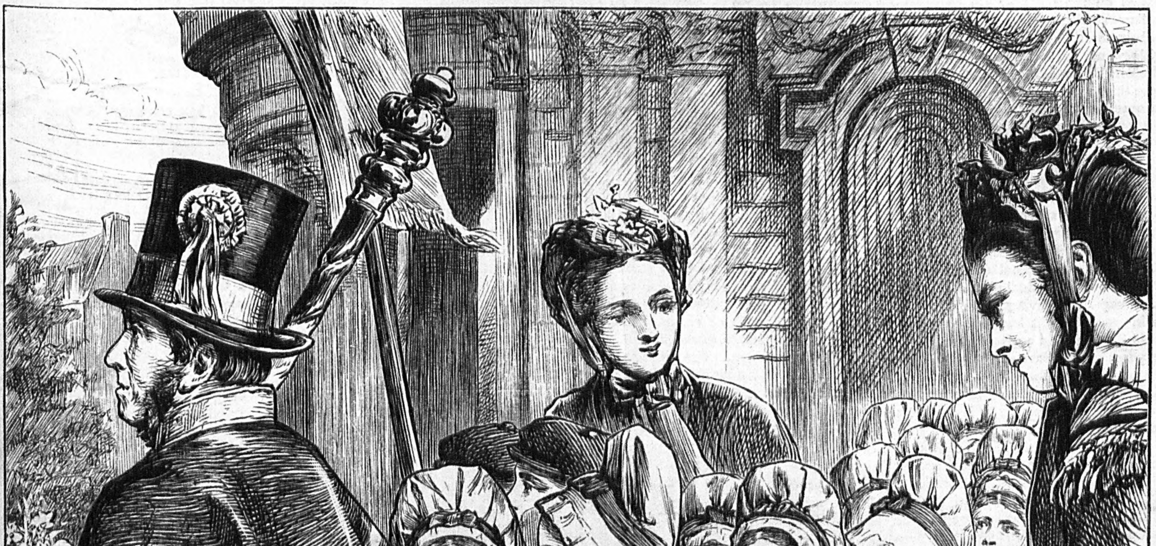


CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

DEBT AND DOUBT.

THERE is only one great authority on political economy amongst us in the present day, and he is silent on certain subjects about which his countrymen want to be enlightened. Why does not Mr. John Stuart Mill come forward and tell the people what they ought to believe on a question a good deal in dispute, about which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has talked very learnedly several times of late? Many speakers, more or less incompetent to handle the subject, have followed Mr. Lowe, in and out of Parliament, on this question of the National Debt, and the unlearned audiences knowing little or nothing of the mysteries of that science which, in the midst of education and enlightenment, seems to make no progress—the science that stands now almost where Adam Smith left it—are not in a position to form a safe opinion. Mr. Lowe assures us we ought to do as much as we can towards paying off the National Debt. He takes for granted the advantages to be derived from relieving ourselves of a portion of the burden, and he demonstrates, as far as his excellent argumentative powers will serve him, that the reduction of the obligation is a duty which we owe to our posterity.

Of course, we all know that Mr. Mill favours the diminution of the Debt. He once gave, as a reason for setting aside a portion of revenue annually for that purpose, the presumed likelihood of the failure by and by of our national store of coals. But it is not so much his opinion on the point, or his impressions expressed in Parliament when he was wont to speak with much less deliberation than used formerly to be displayed in his writings, nor even the principles drily laid down in his "Political Economy," published so many years ago; these things do not go for so much as would the voice of the oracle on the moment when the subject is hot. Certain questions are being asked that require a direct answer. Men of wisdom on one side are disputing all the propositions advanced on the other. After the Chancellor of the Exchequer has spoken, we are told that we owe no such duty to posterity as that which he presses upon our consciences; and, furthermore, there are some who declare that no practical good would perhaps come of materially reducing the National Debt.

This is a paradoxical statement, but it deserves the attention of the political philosophers. Here are a number of capitalists living in greater or less luxury upon the interest of eight hundred millions sterling. What would happen if, in a given period—never mind whether 500 years or ten years—the whole sum were paid off out of a fund derived from the revenue? Would this be a simple transference of that large amount of capital from one purpose to another? No. That eight hundred millions does not actually exist in the shape of capital to-day. It is not laid down in railways; it does not take the form of houses or ships; it is not represented by the cultivation or the artificial fertilisation of so many acres of soil. This great amount of wealth is but a name, an abstraction. Its owners are nothing more nor less than pensioners upon the community—with, of course, a just legal and moral claim upon the community for the amount of their pensions. Pay the money off out of revenue, and what follows? Why, the proprietors of stock have become possessed of so much real wealth; and, inasmuch as the amount has been drawn from revenue in the ordinary way, the greater part of the sum consists of savings. To some extent capital in other forms may have been diminished in order to produce that large addition to the income of the country, but in the main it is a deduction from the annual expenditure of the millions of private individuals who compose the nation.

Now, as to the getting together of this money, let the political economist come forward and tell us to what extent, probably, the accumulation of wealth in other directions has been prevented by the additional taxation. Is there a point at which, in an especial degree, heavy burdens tend to diminish enterprise, trade, commerce, and the multiplication of our resources? Is there a point, above the *necessary* taxation of the country, up to which we may pay taxes beneficially—seeing that the effect is to increase our wealth by converting the nominal capital held by the stock-holders into real capital to be devoted by them to some useful end?

Then as to the use the State creditors would put the money to if we paid them. Mr. Mill should inform his disciples as to the results which might be expected to follow the conversion of all that nominal into real capital. These pensioners would be no longer pensioners—they would, in a sense, find their pockets full of gold, and their annuity would cease. They must do something with their capital. What will they do? Buy lands, houses, railways, ships, build factories? How would this affect the market? Land, ships, houses, factories, would go up in price, by reason of the influx of buyers. How would this affect the cost of production? Would wheat, and beef, and mutton, articles of import, rent, and the like, be dearer; or would property produce less interest to the holders of it—or would both results ensue? And if the cost of productions to the consumer increased by reason of this flood of capital, would the consumer find an equivalent, a greater, or a less benefit in the large reduction of taxation consequent on the interest upon the National Debt being no longer payable?

Some of these questions—and others of a similar character arising out of this inquiry—educated and thinking men can answer for themselves; but it is not much use answering some of them, for they all hang upon one another. They act and react, and people do not find their way to clear water. It may be an elementary subject of investigation, but, however elementary, it is one that does not appear to be plainly understood by half a dozen Members of Parliament—if we may judge by speeches.

There is an unparalleled quantity of writing in these days, in newspapers daily and weekly, in periodicals of all sorts, in great books and little books; but of simple and absolute demonstration in a form to be understood by the general intelligence, there is wondrously little on any topic whatever. Political science is difficult, and full of doubt, uncertainty, and qualification; but have we not gone far enough to decide upon some few elementary principles, not hitherto taught, on which we may build with confidence? Is there nothing about which rival Chancellors of the Exchequer dispute which may be put to the test once for all, so as to bring the argument to a conclusion? If not, why do not the representatives of political economy come forward and say so plainly? Why do they permit the unlearned to imagine that there is a science which might, if they mastered it, guide them to the truth when they read debates, and point to them the way when they ask for whom they shall record their votes at an election? The poor elector is confused by axioms which have no foundation in fact. Hundreds of Members of Parliament and Peers, thousands of candidates, tens of thousands of speakers have, for instance, told large assemblies, times without number, that "you cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament." Yet an Education Act was passed last session mainly and professedly for the purpose of making men moral, and there cannot be a doubt that to some extent it will be successful. Again, politicians, leader writers, and a host of teachers of eminence have declared again and again that Parliament must not and cannot effectually interfere between wages and labour, or between supply and demand; and yet nine Acts of Parliament out of ten have a more or less direct influence upon the relations of employment and wages, and upon the practical working of demand and supply.

These conventional maxims are useless, and fortunately, perhaps, the people have ceased to put faith in them. The suffrage has been given to nearly all the men in the kingdom, and they want a little definite instruction. It is time they were told plainly where, on these subjects, demonstration and certainty end, and where speculation and mere opinion begin. The political economists proper—and not merely the men with hobbies—should speak.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

"LONDON LETTERS."

BETWEEN Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Edmund Yates, the "Viscount de Montgomery," and fresh correspondence this week upon what we have said on two previous occasions with respect to Mr. Edmund Yates's London Letters, we hardly know where we are or what we have been talking about. When we stated a fortnight ago that Mr. Yates had been spoken of in an Exeter newspaper as the writer of a London Letter to another Exeter paper, under his own signature, and supplied by Mr. Montgomery, we knew we had not gone beyond the facts; and we were equally certain that Mr. Yates had written an explanation to the first-named Exeter newspaper declaring that he had in fact been writing London Letters farmed out by Mr. Montgomery, and that, having discovered that that gentleman was not everything he professed to be, he would write no more contributions for him. It was, therefore, rather startling, to receive, last week, a memorandum from a Mr. Arthur Hamilton, "sole representative of Messrs. Hamilton and Co., of Stationers'-hall-court," declaring that Mr. Yates's London Letters were not written for Mr. Montgomery, but for Messrs. Hamilton. It was not, however, for us to unravel the mystery, and we contented ourselves with publishing a note of Mr. Arthur Hamilton's statement. Since then our attention has been called to some remarks in the *Printers' Register*, and to the following extract from the *Bookseller*:—

> "About twelve months ago, frequenters of Paternoster-row were surprised to see that the premises in Stationers'-hall-court vacated by Messrs. Wm. Allan and Co. had been taken by a firm trading under the name of 'Hamilton and Co., publishers, &c.' At first it was thought that Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. had taken the place, intending to transfer their publishing department there, but this was at once negatived. As few persons but postmen were seen to go in or out, and as no one in the bookselling trade was acquainted with any publication bearing the imprint of Hamilton and Co., Stationers'-hall-court, suspicion was aroused that all was not quite correct. This suspicion was increased by finding advertisements issued from the back door of the house in the name of Miss Alexander, who, dating from No. 7, Amen-corner, offered to make people beautiful for ever, improve their complexions, and make their hair grow luxuriantly, thirteen stamps only being required. The firm next came under our notice in connection with a pamphlet headed 'Dishonesty in Advertising,' in which we have the antecedents of Mr. James Hitchman, who, under the names of Longmans, Hamilton, and Montgomery, has been carrying on a disreputable trade. The next we hear of this worthy is from several country booksellers, who were favoured with neatly addressed orders, written in a nice ladylike hand, on fine thick small note paper, bearing an earl's coronet, with the same stamped in coloured relief on the envelope. The notes, all alike in the wording, were written by two persons. They ran thus:—
>
> "'Lady Scott, at the recommendation of a friend, would like enclosed book to be obtained for her as soon as possible. On her return from town, in a few days, she will call and pay for it.
>
> "'Thursday.'
>
> "The 'enclosed book' referred to, was the prospectus of:
>
> Patronised by Royalty. Just published, "Sunshine and Shadow." Poems, tales, essays, lectures, translations, &c. By Vernon de Montgomery. Tenth edition, revised and enlarged; with above 100 illustrations by Birket Foster and other eminent artists. Price 10s. 6d. Hamilton and Co., Stationers'-hall-court, London, and all booksellers.
>
> "We immediately warned the chief wholesale houses of the intended fraud, and they all agreed not to supply the book, of which many copies had that morning been ordered. Some booksellers had ordered direct from 'Hamilton and Co.,' and are able by this time to judge for themselves as to the value of the bargain. One of the booksellers favoured with an order says:—
>
> "'Having a slight suspicion that I might not be the only one whom Lady Scott had selected as the recipient of her bounty, I called on the only other bookseller in the place, and found he had been favoured with a precisely similar communication. I then stated the case to the publishers, and asked for the addresses of Lady Scott and Vernon de Montgomery. They said they did not know hers, and could not give his without a breach of confidence. They also enclosed a newly-printed slip, which had, they said, been accidentally omitted from the cover I received, insinuating that Lady Scott's note was not an original, but a copy, intended to show the sort of orders given for the book. They also said that I might see it was a trade list, and that they did not understand my letter. I hope my reply was intelligible: "That the plan had failed here; but that there were, no doubt, plenty of fools in the world!"'
>
> "Although it was scarcely necessary to do so, except for the purpose of saving the trouble of writing, Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. have printed and circulated the following notice:—
>
> "'Hamilton, Adams, and Co. find it necessary to inform their friends and correspondents in town and country that they have no connection whatever with the parties calling themselves "Hamilton and Co., Stationers'-hall-court." The immense trouble and correspondence brought upon them by a circular enclosing a fictitious order for a book called "Sunshine and Shadow," 10s. 6d., oblige them to take this step.
>
> "'London, 32, Paternoster-row, May 24th, 1871.'
>
> "Henceforth we hope the trade will hear nothing more of 'Hamilton, A., and Co., Publishers, &c., of Stationers'-hall-court, London, E.C.'"

But the story does not end here. Mr. W. R. Evans, the compiler of a book called "One Thousand Pounds Reward; Copies and Extracts interesting to the Religious, Aristocratic, the Commercial, and the Literary World," published by him at 8, Bouverie-street, has sent us a copy of his work, which professes to be a history of the gentleman calling himself the Viscount de Montgomery, and an exposure of very much in the Viscount's career which seems to require explanation. Mr. Evans declares that the real name of the "Viscount de Montgomery" is James Hitchman. This Hitchman, he states, is a man of indifferent education and moderate talents, who, as a lad, sought in vain to gain for himself a position by means of his literary productions, which were chiefly in the shape of poetry. He then changed his name, first calling himself Percy Vernon Gordon de Montgomery and afterwards professing to be the Viscount de Montgomery. In these various names he has sought to impose upon the public as a poet, a lecturer, a publisher of newspapers, as an object of compassion to the benevolent and sympathetic, &c. Mr. Evans produces a good deal of evidence in proof of his positions, much of which tends to show a connection between this Hitchman and the firm of Hamilton and Co., of Stationers'-hall-court, not apparently creditable either to Mr. Hitchman or to the firm, but of that connection there appears to be something less than absolute legal proof. Among Mr. Evans's charges against Mr. Hitchman is that of publishing "dummy" newspapers. Of those papers, it is alleged, only a few have been printed, about enough to enable him to send a copy to each advertiser, the result being that the advertisers were cheated out of their money. In this book are given fac-similes of advertisements professing to point out, in consideration of eighteen postage stamps, "How a fortune can be gained without risk or outlay," and the like, which appear to have been traced to Mr. Hitchman. The whole story is too long for us to repeat. It is not a delectable history. It is not for us, on this *ex parte* evidence, to pass judgment on a man accused of transactions hardly within the pale of the law, but enough is shown to make us regret that the name of Mr. Yates was ever associated in any literary business with that of Mr. Percy Vernon Gordon de Montgomery.

THE GREAT ENGLISH TENOR.

In the musical world and out of it there are two factions in relation to Mr. Sims Reeves. One contends that he plays with the public, and disappoints them gratuitously; the other asserts not less firmly that the great tenor does his very utmost at all times to meet his engagements, and that when he does not appear upon the platform the failure is to be attributed to physical causes entirely beyond his control. We hardly know on which side the balance of opinion, of testimony, or of partisanship tends just now, but the non-appearance of Mr. Reeves on the first day of the Handel Festival has been the occasion of a renewal of the discussion in some quarters. Our only purpose in mentioning the subject to-day is to quote the words of one who knows him well, from a London Letter to a country newspaper:—

> "It is the custom of many people to imagine that our great tenor trifles with the public. No supposition could be more erroneous. Mr. Reeves is nervous—he may even be said to be hypochondriacal—but he is one of the most conscientious men I know. When I went round to congratulate him on Wednesday, and alluded to the warmth of his reception, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'Ah, the public have always shown me great indulgence and kindness.'"

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE *Liberté* says that the French Government is about to prosecute the *Morning Post* for "the odious letter signed 'Maxse.'"

M. OLLIVIER has just written a defence of his Ministry. It is published under the title of "Ma Justification."

THE preliminary programme of the morning performances of the Gloucester Musical Festival in September has been issued. Two new sacred works by English composers will be introduced.

THE First Class Army Reserve, according to the *Broad Arrow*, will be clothed in red serge tunics, with pensioners' shakos and accoutrements of black leather.

A CRYPT, forming a portion of the old priory of St. Bartholomew, is about to be demolished for the erection of warehouses.

THE 2nd battalion Coldstream Guards at Chelsea have been selected for service at Aldershot this summer.

THE telegraphs have been re-established throughout France for messages connected with the loan only.

AN artilleryman was shot in the street at Montmartre on Thursday. At La Villette arrows have been fired at officers passing. The neighbouring houses have been searched, but without result.

THE payment of the dividends upon the English Funds will commence at the Bank of England on Tuesday, the 6th of July. The amount to be thus distributed, says the *Money Market Review*, is nearly £6,500,000.

THE Queen has conferred a Civil List pension of £100 a year on Mr. J. R. Planché, in consideration of his contributions to dramatic and antiquarian literature.

M. GAMBETTA is said to be at Malta.

IT appears likely that the two colleges of Airedale and Rotherham will shortly be amalgamated. Sir Titus Salt has offered £2,500 towards the erection, near Bradford, of a building for the joint institutions.

THE works for the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 are rapidly progressing, and the President, Baron Schwarz, has secured the assistance of the most eminent men in the various branches for the undertaking.

THE numerous and valuable examples of ivories in the South Kensington Museum have been brought together and placed in cases in the galleries at the north ends of the South Courts.

THE present state of feeling between the Horse Guards and the War Office, according to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, is not all that could be desired.

LORD ELCHO has resigned the Chairmanship of Council of the National Rifle Association, and the Earl of Ducie has been appointed as his successor.

NILSSON had about a fortnight ago received 220,000 dollars in gold as the result of her tour through the United States up to that time.

THE investiture of the Orders of the Bath and Star of India, which was fixed to take place at Windsor Castle on Tuesday, the 27th ult., has been postponed till Monday, July 3.

THE *New York Times* publishes a telegram from San Francisco, according to which private letters from Shanghai, received by the steamship *China*, say that great uneasiness is felt at Pekin. The air is filled with strange mutterings, though the danger to foreign residents is not supposed to be immediate.

THE rare "Collection of Old Ballads," in three volumes, 1723-5, is now being reprinted for subscribers by Mr. John Pearson.

THE existing system of examination for subaltern officers will be discontinued at an early date. In future officers, before being promoted, will be tested in their knowledge of martial law, outpost duty, field sketching, reconnaissance, field fortifications, &c., in addition to the subjects now required of them.

IT is reported that the Emperor Napoleon means to reside at Mamhead, near Dawlish, South Devon, the seat of Sir Lydston Newman, the well-known patron of the Turf. Sir Lydston is brother-in-law to Lord Churston.

Nature states that many scientific societies have been desirous of taking advantage of the International Exhibition and of the Albert Hall to hold meetings in connection with the Exhibition, and to bestow attention on scientific visitors. The small theatres have, however, been occupied by specimens exhibited, and the Albert Hall is considered too large.

ROBERT HOUDIN, the conjuror, died at Blois a few days ago. He was in his sixty-sixth year.

THE people of Brighton have already begun their preparations for receiving the British Association in 1872. Many foreign *savants* will, it is hoped, cross the Channel to the Brighton meeting, and special arrangements are under consideration to induce them to come. A numerous general committee has been named.

DR. DOLLINGER says in a a letter to the juridical faculty of Marburg:—"We Germans cannot and will not renounce the hope that religious union may be added to the happily acquired political union, and that the separation which was unavoidable 300 years ago may lead to a higher, purer union, be it even in a still distant future."

THE many copyrights of well-known English authors possessed by Messrs. Moxon, Son, and Co., have passed into the hands of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

THE *Athenæum* hears there is no chance at present of a second report from the Judicature Commission. The commission is so large, and the views of its members so opposite, that the outcome will probably be one report from the majority and another from the minority.

THE Queen has sanctioned the restoration of the pulpit sand-glass in Her Majesty's Chapel of the Savoy, but the restored meter runs only for the moderate time of twenty minutes, in place of the hour which the original glass measured.

LORD DUNSANY will, on Monday, the 10th inst., "call attention to the growth of disaffection in Ireland as evinced at the elections of Meath and Westmeath," and will point out the apparent connection between such disaffection and a vicious system of party government in Ireland, and will ask Earl Granville whether it is intended to lay down some rule as to the qualifications and the selection of stipendiary magistrates.

WE learn from a Frankfort telegram, through the "Lombard" agency, that the Associated German Railways have resolved to present to Prince Bismarck as a token of gratitude a private railway carriage for his special use, luxuriously fitted with all comforts. The carriage is adapted for use on all German railway lines.

THE College of Physical Science at Newcastle advances. Upwards of £22,000 has been subscribed towards the £35,000 which it is estimated will be required.

IT is now determined to exhibit the electric light to denote the night sittings of the Houses of Parliament on the summit of the Victoria Tower, instead of the Clock Tower, and the necessary machinery is in course of construction, under the direction of Captain Galton, of the Engineers.

"HYMNS Ancient and Modern" have displaced Goss and Mercer's well-known book at St. Paul's Cathedral. The latter work has been in use there for many years.

SOME of the master builders at Lincoln have consented to make the increase in the rate of wages demanded by the masons, and thus to a certain extent the strike has terminated.

A BILL has been printed which proposes to amend the Factories Act Extension, 1864, by repealing the exception of brick and tile yards from the operation of the Act.

THE *Musical Standard* has just printed a "Minuet," which it states was written by Handel to be performed as a concluding movement on occasions when the oratorio was not to follow the overture.

THE report of the Bank of South Australia recommends a dividend of ten per cent. per annum.

THE *Cologne Gazette* characterises the reports respecting an intended German demand for Heligoland "a British phantasy." At the same time it severely condemns the German papers which have encouraged this notion.

LARGE additions have been made during the past twelve months to the collection of drawings in the possession of the Arundel Society.

THE Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace has this year been attended by a larger number of visitors than any of the preceding festivals. In 1857 the numbers attending were 38,414; in 1859, 81,319; in 1862, 67,567; in 1865, 59,434; in 1868, 82,465; and this year, 84,968. The attendance on each day has been as follows:—Rehearsal, 18,679; first day, 21,946; second day, 21,330; and third day, 23,016.

THE Duke of Aumale and the Count of Paris are said to be in Paris. It is thought (the *Times* correspondent says) the Orleans Princes will not return to Chantilly until the Prussians have evacuated the Oise, but will temporarily reside at Randon, in Auvergne, where preparations are being made to receive them.

A PARIS telegram states that forty-seven French men-of-war have been disarmed, and 12,000 seamen dismissed.

THE last sitting of the Italian Parliament in Florence was held on Saturday, when the session came to an end. To-day, as already announced, the formal transfer of the seat of Government to Rome will take place.

LETTERS from Tunis of the 12th ult. state that the late unseasonable rains had done further damage to the crops, which were already suffering from the drought, and that much misery was, consequently, being felt.

IT is stated that on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Dublin in August, there will be a review of all the troops in garrison in the Phœnix Park.

THE death is announced of Sir Richard Tufton, who was born in 1813, and married, in 1843, Mdlle. Adelaide Amelia Lacour. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Henry Jacques, who was born in 1844.

A MAN employed at Mew and Co.'s brewery, Newport, Isle of Wight, has been suffocated in a vat, which he entered without the usual precautions.

"PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE," says the *Paris Journal*, "is in Paris, and has been met by several persons walking rather infirmly in the Bois de Boulogne, leaning on the arm of a man-servant. In appearance he has grown ten years older, and his thick imperial has become quite white."

NEWS has reached Bombay from Cabul of further successes attending Yakoob Khan. He is now said to be marching on Candahar.

AN American letter says:—"A controversy has sprung up as to who shall be the American Government financial agent in London. The Barings have held this position for over fifty-three years, but it is now claimed by the new American house, established there, of Jay Cooke, M'Culloch, and Co."

IT is stated by the *Patrie* that the trials of Henri Rochefort, Assi, Rossel, and Courbet, have been postponed on account of the elections.

GARIBALDI has refused to stand as a candidate for the department of the Maritime Alps. In his letter to the President of the Republican Union of Nice, announcing this determination, he merely says:—"Thanks. I cannot accept."

THE passion play at Oberammergau began on Saturday. The weather is fine, and it is stated that there is a considerable number of visitors, principally English and Americans.

IN the Divorce Court on Saturday, Mr. Ward, the goods manager at the Chester station of the London and North Western Railway obtained a decree *nisi*, with £1,000 damages against Major Rouse, of the 85th Regiment.

CARLOTTA PATTI arrived at Plymouth on Sunday, in the *Nile*, from America.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—The new and magnificent Court Dresses now being exhibited in the Baker-street Gallery are already attracting considerable numbers of fair visitors, who are much interested in studying the taste and elegant style of Mr. Worth, of Paris, by whom for the most part they are manufactured.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND'S residence in Hanover-square is about to become the residence of one of the great newspaper proprietors in London.

ACCORDING to the *Temps*, the Empress Eugenie, on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee, sent a letter of congratulation to the Pope through Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte together with an offering of 100,000 francs in the name of the Imperial family.

THE term "Gilt-edged Hell" is applied this season to John Morissey's gambling-house at Saratoga.

A LONDON correspondent writes to the *Manchester Examiner*:—"A gentleman who knows Félix Pyat well, having been a press colleague of his, assures me that within a week of the defeat of the Communists he saw Pyat in the British Museum, and has seen him twice since in the streets of London."

ON Friday night there was a slight fall of snow in the neighbourhood of North Shields.

RETURNS made to the Sheffield School Board show that school accommodation will have to be provided for about 10,000 children, the present appliances being deficient to that extent.

THE Duke of Edinburgh left England on Sunday night for Germany.

THE Queen is expected to visit Inverary Castle in August next in connection with the "home-coming" of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

DR. LANCASTER states that over 300 bodies of children are found in the streets of London every year.

MR. JOHN PLATT, M.P. for Oldham, will not present himself for re-election. Mr. Thorold Rogers is spoken of as his successor in the representation.

THOUSANDS of the finest estates in Virginia are said to be for sale.

THE *Inverness Courier* is glad to report that the grouse prospects of the coming season are to all appearance as bright as sportsmen can desire.

WITHIN a few days the whole of the Orleans Princes will have returned to France.

THE longest day in the year was this time also the darkest.

BY Royal command, Mdlle. Christine Millie, the "Two-headed Nightingale," visited Buckingham Palace on Saturday morning.

FATHER HYACINTHE contradicts the report which has got into circulation of his retirement to an Italian convent.

A GENTLEMAN has offered £2,000 towards founding a chair of applied physics at the Glasgow University.

THE two men charged with attempting to set fire to Killorglin police barracks, near Cork, have been discharged.

WITH the revival of a better feeling in the City, several new schemes of importance are announced. Amongst these we may more particularly mention the Beechlands Coffee Estates Company (Limited), with a proposed capital of £75,000, in 7,500 shares of £10 each, to be issued when fully paid up as warrants to bearer. The Company is formed for the purpose of working and extending the cultivation of the Beechlands Coffee Estate, situated in the district of Coorg, in the East Indies, and of acquiring the Government ground and the buildings and plant upon the estate, and also for acquiring when opportunity offers, and cultivating, other estates in the same or neighbouring districts. The Beechlands Estate is a fine property, consisting of 800 acres, 153 of which are in full bearing, 25 more acres have recently been planted, and an additional 30 are now being brought into cultivation. The whole of the remaining land of about 600 acres is said to be as productive as the part now in bearing, which has been reported as the best in the district, and the crop upon which for the last two years has averaged fully 7 cwt. per acre, while the average of crops in the district is a little over 4 cwt. Several important certificates of gentlemen of position with regard to the estate are issued with the prospectus, and the scheme has in every way a *bonâ fide* and genuine appearance. We notice that the shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange at 1 to 1½ premium.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

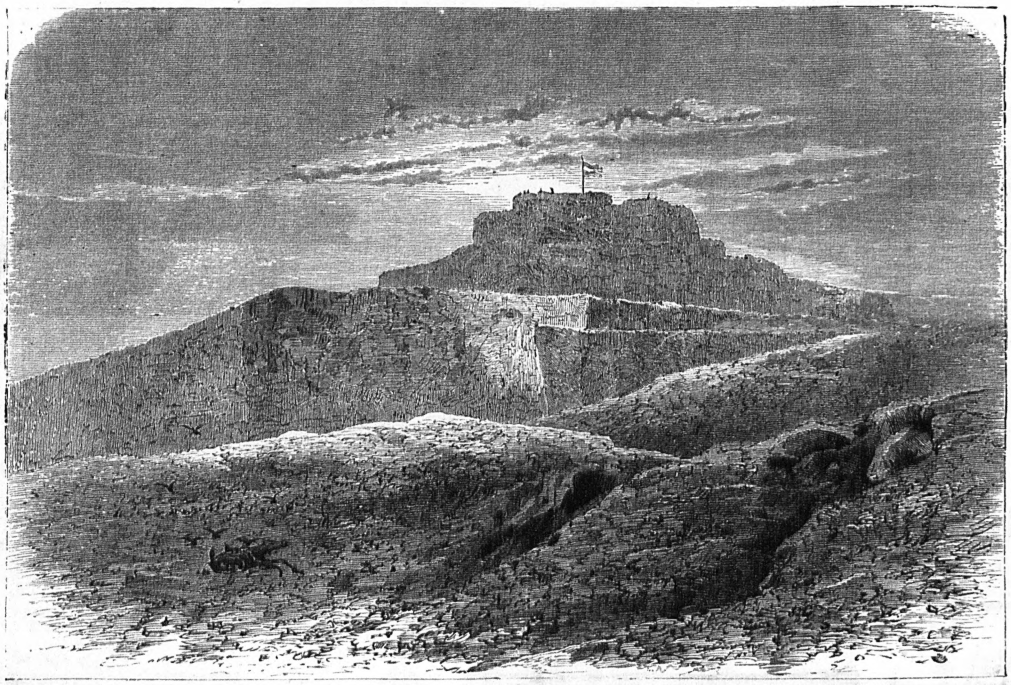
BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—THE PLAIN TRUTH.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S PREPARATIONS, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 268. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107



THE CITADEL OF BELFORT.

ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

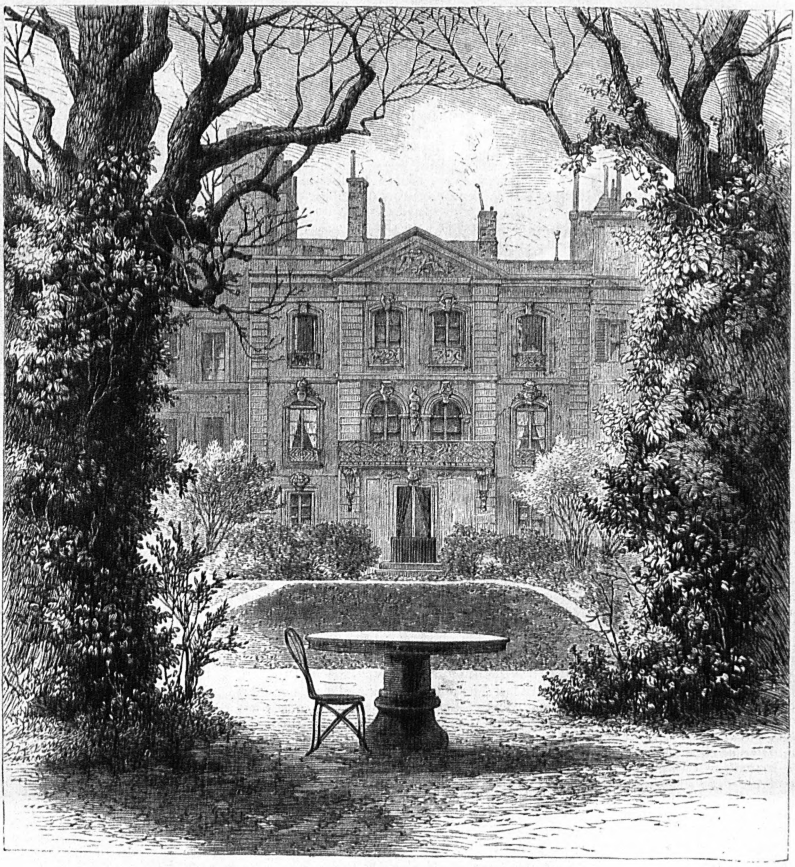
THIS Festival, which was established in 1704, was celebrated this year on Thursday, the 8th of June. The sight of so many thousand children who have been rescued from miserable homes and properly clothed made a pretty and imposing spectacle, and one that could not fail to excite the sympathy of all spectators. The 8th of June, 1704, was the first occasion of these assemblages. The Festival took place in St. Andrew's, Holborn, and was celebrated by two thousand children. Many charity schools, however, were unable to obtain admission for want of room, and next year the committee selected St. Sepulchre's in preference, on account of the greater amount of space available in the latter church. In 1715 the committee applied to the authorities of the then unfinished St. Paul's for leave to hold the anniversary there, the Princess of Wales having expressed a wish to be present on the occasion. This application, for some reason or other, was not successful, and the services were again held in St. Sepulchre's. There they were continued till 1738, when they were removed to Christ Church, Newgate. In 1782 the committee attained the object of their desires, and the various charities met together under the dome of St. Paul's, where, up to the present day, the service has always taken place. The children are placed on benches erected in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, rising in graduated tiers to a considerable height. In the centre of this amphitheatre the spectators are seated. The children of each school sit together, the boys being placed above the girls, making the effect of the differently coloured costumes, which are the distinguishing mark of each institution, striking and picturesque in the extreme. The Festival is organised and carried on by a Society of about a thousand patrons; and the sum realised by the Festival, together with an annual donation of fifty pounds from the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, is divided between the Clergy Orphan School and the most needy of those charities which take part in the ceremony.

THE GERMAN WARRIOR AT HOME.—The *Frankfort Journal* says:—"The terrible war has not impaired the discipline, nor has it undermined the honesty, the morals, or the manners of the men. On the contrary, many employers gladly bear witness to the fact that a better understanding between themselves and their artisans never existed than that now established with men who, not long ago, had arms in their hands, but who have now returned with a new zest to their old occupations. Before the war, strikes were the order of the day; now they are not thought of."

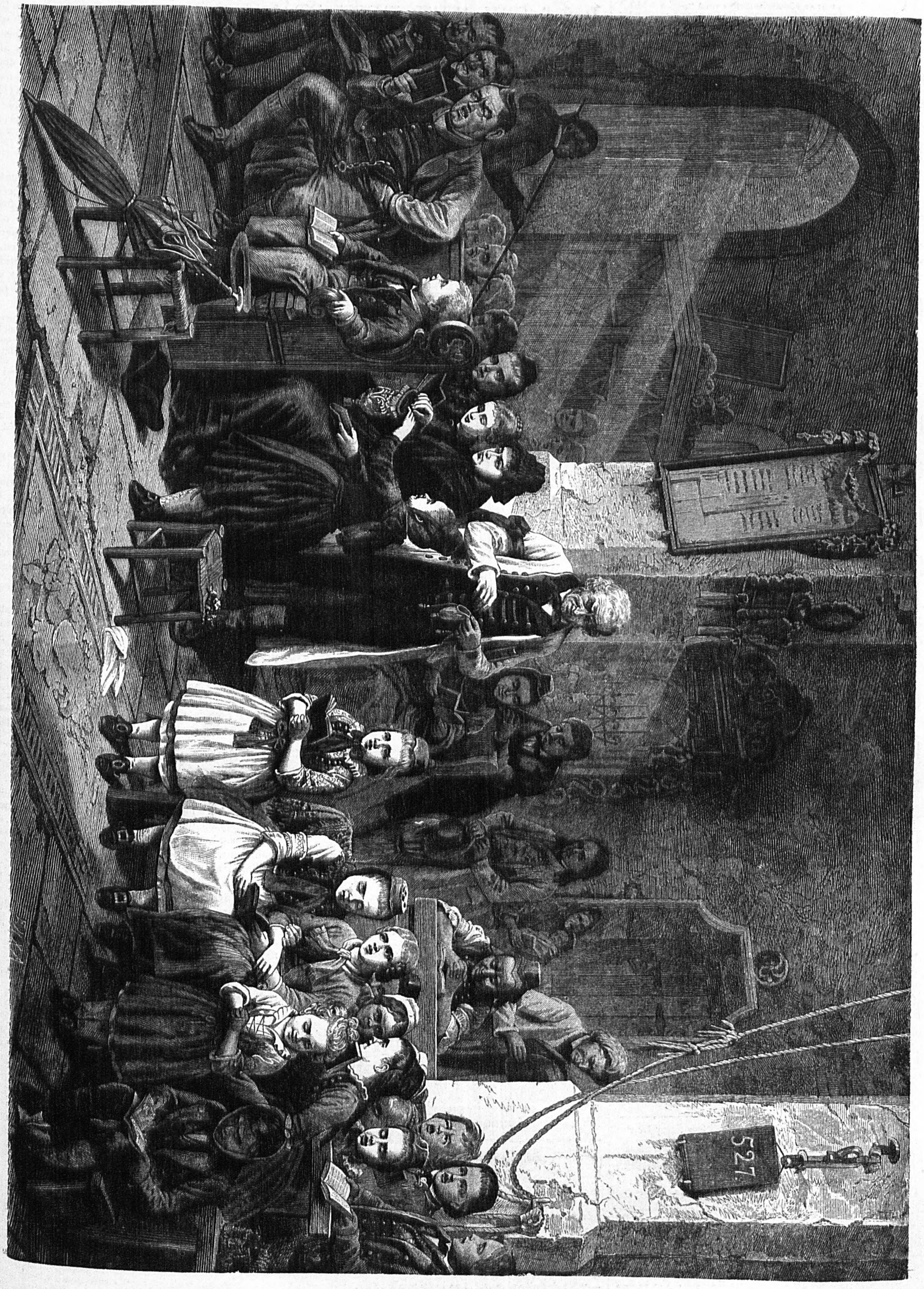
INSIDE A GERMAN VILLAGE CHURCH.

OUR picture on page 257 is a leaf from humble life in Germany. It is a quaint scene, full of character and clever detail. A collection is being made whilst the villagers are singing a hymn. The schoolmaster, with calm resolution, is selecting his moiety for the bag, and setting his pupils a worthy example. To the left two or three farm labourers are gathered together in their Sunday finery, singing the word of praise, to the amusement of a young scholar who has put away his book to contemplate the countenances of his elder brethren; whilst behind them the verger is showing to good advantage the importance of his office. Children, we are afraid, will never learn to be as sober-faced and sedate in church as their pastors and masters could wish. They are invariably doing what they should not do. A story is told of a celebrated preacher who was once made to laugh in the middle of his sermon by the naughtiness of a Sunday scholar. The boy was seated next to another boy with very red hair, which he was using as a fire, pretending himself to be a blacksmith. He worked an imaginary bellows with one hand, and in the other held a pencil, which he now and then put to the blazing hair till it was supposed to be red hot, when it was taken away in great haste and hammered out. This was all done without the knowledge or consent of the red-haired boy. We are told the clergyman smiled, and we believe it, and respect him for it. We should have regarded him as a senseless and inhuman thing, if we had been told in the story that he saw it without smiling, even though he had been in the middle of prayers instead of his sermon. It was naughty, but it was funny. This is no imaginary incident—it happened as we have stated it. Our picture is wonderfully faithful, being full of real character, and being true to the quaintness and homeliness of village life in Germany.

MR. JOHN FREELAND, of Nice, has, in addition to former large contributions to the scientific and charitable institutions of Glasgow, given just now the following donations:—University of Glasgow, £3,000; Anderson's University, £5,000; Royal Infirmary, £5,000.



COUNT MOLTKE'S RESIDENCE AT VERSAILLES.



A VILLAGE CHURCH IN GERMANY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
BERTRAM and ROBERTS,
Refreshment Department.
[391

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE beg to announce that on Monday next their usual "JULY SALE" of Goods at reduced prices will commence. On the present occasion the Stock will be found in excellent condition, and the prices at which all will be offered will, doubtless, cause a speedy clearance of many goods.
M. & S. respectfully invite an immediate inspection.
MARSHALL and SNELGROVE,
Vere Street and Oxford Street, W. [429

JAPANESE SILKS, wide, at 2s. 6½d. the yard, in every possible shade of colour. They are of the German make, enriched with plenty of silk, and warranted for wear. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E.

RICH SILKS IN DRESSES, at 25s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 40s., and 45s. Black Gros Grains, Glaces, and Cords, made of Bright Italian Silk, with a warranty for wear, wide width, at 3s. 6½d. per yard. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E.

PALADINE CLOTH for DRESSES & COSTUMES, 27in. wide, ten yards for 12s. 6d. The material is very fine, firm, and soft, and one of the latest specimens of exquisite French taste. The tints are perfect, such as hitherto have only been produced in articles of silk; and of the same fabric, nice new dresses, at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., and 10s. 9d. This being sacrificed property, it is selling rapidly. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E. [428

BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
IS GENUINE.
Prepared solely from
Maize—Indian Corn.
Best Quality, 2d., 4d., 8d.
Second Quality, 1½d., 3d., 6d.
Beware of
CHEAP QUALITIES BEARING A FALSE NAME,
Depending upon the recommendation of
PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL WRITERS.

BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
with Milk for
Children's Diet.

PEARLINA.—BROWN AND POLSON'S
Differs from Corn Flour
in being granulated
and rich in gluten.

PEARLINA.—BROWN AND POLSON'S
For
DELICIOUS PUDDINGS,
in great variety.

PEARLINA.
PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.
Take one teacupful of Pearlina, steep it in one cupful of milk for an hour, then add half-a-cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter lb. of suet, two ounces of orange peel, quarter lb. raisins, quarter lb. currants; add two eggs, well beaten up, then a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and the same of ginger; tie in a bowl or cloth, and boil for three hours.

THIS MAKES IT AS RICH AND LIGHT AS SIX EGGS AND SIX HOURS' BOILING WOULD DO WITHOUT PEARLINA.
[936

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE PAISLEY GAZETTE says:—Laden with the memory of 140 years good old Sylvanus Urban begins his new volume with a new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." And what is the Valley of Poppies? It is the parish of Summerdale-in-the-Water—"the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life"—of which the perpetual curate was George Himbleton, who is the autobiographical hero of "The Vale of Poppies." We shall have something more to say of this novel, which promises well when the story gets farther on.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CORK EXAMINER of May 31st says:—The GENTLEMAN'S in this month rings out the old and rings in the new. . . . The new story is "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." Of this writer, the speciality is the reproduction of quiet contemplative scenes. He likes to blend all incidents with the locality in which they occur, reminding us of some of those old paintings respecting which it is hard to say whether they are to be called pictures of men and women with elaborate background or landscapes with figures. His style is graceful, suggesting reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne or of Charles Lamb. Indeed, the affection of the latter for quaint turns of phrase taken from the elder dramatists seems to point him out as the more favourite study.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE KENT HERALD of June 1st says:—The first chapters of the new tale by the author of "Christopher Kenrick" are given this month with such a lovely little vignette of the church of "Summerdale-in-the-Water." The genial, happy-minded author gives us a foretaste of a great treat in this story, and we believe it will become as great a favourite with the readers of the GENTLEMAN'S as "Christopher" himself was.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE ABERDEEN HERALD of June 3rd says:—The GENTLEMAN'S for June opens with a new story by the author of "Christopher Kenrick," bearing the somewhat strange title of "The Valley o. Poppies.' The narrative is given out to be the autobiography of a curate, written at the request of some of his friends. The style of the writer is subdued and natural, and his descriptive abilities are of a high order. The opening chapters are very successful, and we shall watch with interest the incidents in the curate's life.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is continued in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE GLOBE of June 1 says:—We are glad to place in the foremost rank of the periodicals for June the far-famed GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Very few can compare with it, either in the quality of their articles or in their varied and interesting character. A new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," opens this month, and so far it promises well.

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.
The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.
WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.—On view, new and most magnificent Court Dresses, from the first Paris and London houses. A Marriage Group of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. Admission, 1s.; children under ten years of age, 6d.; extra rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

THE BEECHLANDS ESTATE COFFEE COMPANY (Limited).—Capital £75,000, in 7,500 shares of £10 each. To be issued when fully paid up as warrants to bearer. First issue, 3,750 shares, upon which £2 per share, payable on application; £2 per share, payable on allotment; £3 per share, payable on 15th September, 1871; £3 per share, payable on 15th December, 1871; with option to anticipate the last two payments under discount.
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NOTICE.—The List of Applications for Shares will be Closed on Monday, the 3rd July, for London, and on Tuesday, the 4th, for the Country.

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

Another New Story by
MISS M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret,"
Will shortly be published in THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which will from time to time contain stories by other eminent novelists.

Next week will be commenced
BY RAIL TO THE WILLOWS,
BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

The next number will also contain a magnificent Tinted Litho Supplement of the
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION and the HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.
[For Framing.]
Price of Number and Supplement, Sixpence.

Orders may be given through any Newsagent. Persons finding any difficulty in obtaining the paper should write direct to the office, 102, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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*** ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.
THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JULY 1, 1871.

THE Cobden Club has held its annual dinner at Greenwich. Lord GRANVILLE, the President, revised the *carte*. He limited the fish dishes to ten. For this daring act of reform he made due apologies. His lordship spoke admirably upon the toast of the evening; but his remarks are the occasion of some uneasiness in commercial quarters. It is clear that negotiations are going on between the English and French Governments with regard to the Commercial Treaty. Lord GRANVILLE said:—"No definite proposal has been made to us. Whenever any such proposal is made, it will be received with the most friendly consideration on the part of Her Majesty's Government, with real anxiety to be of use to France in her present—temporary, I hope—state of depression. There are several alternatives which my colleagues may direct me to take; but there is one thing I do not believe they will wish me to do, and I feel sure it would have been contrary to the wishes of Mr. COBDEN, and that is to renew negotiations for a fresh treaty of commerce based upon a retrograde principle." What does this mean? Will Government refuse to negotiate a fresh treaty on any other terms than those which formed the basis of the old one? Mr. COBDEN was of opinion that we should never try to force free trade opinions upon another country, because it enabled opponents abroad to point out that we were only urging the new doctrine for our own benefit. Some writers, taking this as their guide to a full interpretation of Lord GRANVILLE'S speech, fear that Government will continue its old tariff on the English side, while France goes back to protection. We shall see presently. The question is one of grave moment to commercial England.

FRANCE, Germany, and America were represented at the Cobden Club dinner, and many gracious compliments were exchanged between the English statesmen and their visitors. Mr. HUGH MCCULLOCH, of the United States, proposed "The Treaty with America." The Marquis of RIPON, in responding to the toast, said the treaty was not a triumph for either side, still less was it a humiliation. The speaker made a point which ought to sink deeply into the minds of every people under the sun:—

> "It seems to me that far above all other considerations which lead me to believe we were fully justified in appending our names to that treaty on behalf of England was this, that it contains an embodiment of a principle of the highest value to the world at large. Doubtless we have heard on other occasions of arbitrations about small and almost unknown islands and other insignificant matters; but, if I mistake not, this is the first occasion upon which two great and proud nations, equally tenacious of their honour and their interests, have been found to agree upon questions so closely touching those interests and that honour to lay them all, one by one, before impartial and freely chosen arbitrators."

Dreamers who look for the millennium may see in this magnificent effort of arbitration the first dawn of universal peace. Seeing that the Exhibition of 1851, which was to be the inauguration of similar blessings, has become a sort of landmark from which we date the greatest wars of modern times, we have no faith in good omens. Nevertheless, we think this lesson of arbitration between England and America should be taught and enforced in our dealings with other countries whenever an opportunity offers.

THE systematic way in which Government snubs our colonies and ignores their vast importance to the mother country gives a tinge of ignorance and indifference to the public mind concerning these adjuncts to English glory and prosperity. Fancy the Solicitor-General of England asking, in a public court of justice, "What large town in Australia is Castlemaine near?" A colonial advocate would not display greater ignorance of England if he asked "What large town is Sheffield near?"

THE Prince of WALES and the Duke of EDINBURGH both spoke at the Trinity House banquet this week. They did not say much, but what they said was manly and discreet. The Duke expressed his desire to become thoroughly acquainted with our iron-clad navy. His experience had been with our "wooden walls," but his ambition was to know as much about the iron ships as he had learnt in the wooden ones. It is gratifying to the nation to find the QUEEN'S sons associating themselves practically with that branch of the service which must always be our first line of defence. The Duke of EDINBURGH is a practised sailor, and so is Prince ARTHUR. Trained to their work with some of the rigour that enters into the education of the most ordinary midshipman, England will always be glad to hail the promotion of these young officers to posts of responsibility.

THE *Echo* continues its letters on the state of the English stage. Several well-known writers have supplemented the remarks of TOM TAYLOR. If the surest way to reform is the general acknowledgment of its necessity, we are on the right road.

LITERATURE.

"SENSATION Novels Condensed." By Bret Harte. (London: J. C. Hotten.)—Since the death of poor Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte have made vigorous war for the honorary vacancy, and although they are not as funny as Artemus, they have found great public favour, and are now supplying both sides of the Atlantic with humorous literature. It is Mr. Hotten who has brought the comic writers of America prominently before the British public; and English readers are indebted to him for the amusement afforded by such books as the one under notice. "Sensation Novels" is a novel idea, cleverly carried out. The work is made up of imitations in brief of popular novels. The volume commences with "Selina Sedilia," by Miss M. E. B-dd-n and Mrs. H-n-y W-d, from which we extract the whole of the fourth chapter:—

"About half a mile from Sloperton Station the South Clapham and Medway line crossed the bridge over Sloperton-on-Trent. As the shades of evening were closing, a man in a slouched hat might have been seen carrying a saw and axe under his arm, hanging about the bridge. From time to time he disappeared in the shadow of its abutments, but the sound of a saw and axe still betrayed his vicinity. At exactly nine o'clock he reappeared, and crossing to the Sloperton side, rested his shoulder against the abutment and gave a shove. The bridge swayed a moment, and then fell with a splash into the water, leaving a space of one hundred feet between the two banks. This done, Burke the Slogger—for it was he—with a fiendish chuckle, seated himself on the divided railway track and awaited the coming of the train.

"A shriek from the woods announced its approach. For an instant Burke the Slogger saw the glaring of a red lamp. The ground trembled. The train was going with fearful rapidity. Another second, and it had reached the bank. Burke the Slogger uttered a fiendish laugh. But the next moment the train leaped across the chasm, striking the rails exactly even, and, dashing out the life of Burke the Slogger, sped away to Sloperton.

"The first object that greeted Edgardo as he rode up to the station on the arrival of the train was the body of Burke the Slogger hanging on the cow-catcher; the second was the face of his deserted wife looking from the windows of a second-class carriage."

The following is the seventh chapter of "Fantine," after the French of Victor Hugo :—

"M. Madeline was, if anything, better than Myriel.

"M. Myriel was a saint. M. Madeline a good man.

"M. Myriel was dead. M. Madeline was living.

"That made all the difference.

"M. Madeline made virtue profitable. I have seen it written :

"'Be virtuous and you will be happy.'

"Where did I see this written? In the modern Bible? No. In the Koran? No. In Rousseau? No. Diderot? No. Where then?

"In a copy book."

"The Haunted Man," by Ch-r-s D-ck-n-s, is a wonderful imitation, and will be recognised in a moment. We quote from the opening chapter :—

"Don't tell me that it wasn't a knocker. I had seen it often enough, and I ought to know. So ought the three o'clock beer, in dirty highlows, swinging himself over the railing, or executing a demoniacal jig upon the doorstep; so ought the butcher, although butchers as a general thing are scornful of such trifles; so ought the postman, to whom knockers of the most extravagant description were merely human weaknesses, that were to be pitied and used. And so ought, for the matter of that, &c., &c., &c.

"But then it was *such* a knocker. A wild, extravagant, and utterly incomprehensible knocker. A knocker so mysterious and suspicious that Policeman X 37, first coming upon it, felt inclined to take it instantly in custody, but compromised with his professional instincts by sharply and sternly noting it with an eye that admitted of no nonsense, but confidently expected to detect its secret yet. An ugly knocker; a knocker with a hard, human face, that was a type of the harder human face within. A human face that held between its teeth a brazen rod. So hereafter in the mysterious future should be held, &c., &c.

"But if the knocker had a fierce human aspect in the glare of day, you should have seen it at night, when it peered out of the gathering shadows and suggested an ambushed figure; when the light of the street lamps fell upon it, and wrought a play of sinister expression in its hard outlines; when it seemed to wink meaningly at a shrouded figure who, as the night fell darkly, crept up the steps and passed into the mysterious house; when the swinging door disclosed a black passage into which the figure seemed to lose itself and become a part of the mysterious gloom; when the night grew boisterous and the fierce wind made furious charges at the knocker, as if to wrench it off and carry it away in triumph. Such a night as this.

"It was a wild and pitiless wind. A wind that had commenced life as a gentle country zephyr, but wandering through manufacturing towns had become demoralised, and reaching the city had plunged into extravagant dissipation and wild excesses. A roystering wind that indulged in Bacchanalian shouts on the street corners, that knocked off the hats from the heads of helpless passengers, and then fulfilled its duties by speeding away, like all young prodigals—to sea."

We cannot pass too high praise on this last performance. It is complete, and without any stretch of the imagination we could fancy ourselves reading a Christmas story by Charles Dickens. If our readers care to buy a book that will afford them quiet amusement we can recommend "Sensation Novels Condensed."

"The Lock of Hair." By Alexanna Speight. This book treats of hair—its history, ancient and modern, natural and artistic; and explains the art of working in hair. To work in hair is not to work in hair-nest (if we may attempt a joke), and we do not think it wise to encourage such useless frippery. It is an unpardonable waste of time for any one with a head, arms, and legs to make the working of hair a study. Of course, there is an excuse if it means money, for we must all live by hooke or by crooke, as Spenser saith. But judging from the author's remarks it does not mean money—it means mischief, it means (the preface says) "an agreeable occupation, and one that may serve to while away many a long winter evening or summer afternoon"—in short, it means idleness and absurdity. We must confess that parts of the history of hair are well written, but we do not approve of such a publication and cannot advise any one to purchase it.

"Under Dead Leaves," and other Poems. By W. E. Windus. (London: J. C. Hotten.) If we are to understand that these poems are like dead leaves—leaves without sap, sweetness, or life—the title is a good one and well chosen. To call "Under Dead Leaves" a poem is a mistake. It is the weakest of blank verse, and if composed as prose would be scarcely respectable. It is the story of an uncle who lost his ward, and became rich thereby. The two are out together by the sea, and the uncle, "being tempted by the warm, soft day," said :—

"'Sit here, my Harold—I intend to bathe;
And do not stir, and do not touch the line,
But watch the boat, and if you see the tide
Begin to leave it, quickly call to me;
For I shall only be behind that bank,
Where I can hear the moment that you call.'

* * * * *

"'Be sure, dear Harold, that you do not stir.'
He lingered some ten minutes in the sea,
And, having partly dressed, again called out,
'Sit still, my boy, you have not long to wait';
And, hearing no reply, at once climbed up
The pebbly ridge, and found the boy was gone."

Of course the boy comes home again after many years, and all is well. In fairness to the author we will give another specimen of his style, if it can be called a style :—

"Across the fields, and passing through a park
All full of antlered deer, he reach'd a door
Hid in the ivy of a massive wall;
And, drawing forth a key, he oped the door,
And from a garden dense with frost-struck flowers,
Entered a grand old mansion's oaken hall,
Where from a servant's salver he received
A foreign letter, formally addressed,
To the Most Honourable Earl of Champerlys."

We are not anxious to see another work by Mr. Windus.

NEW MUSIC.

(London: C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond-street.)

SELECT AIRS, CHORUSES, &c., from Handel's Sacred Oratorio "The Messiah." By William Hutchins Callcott.

SCHLUMMERLIED GLAVIESSTÜCK. By Robert Schuman.

HEAR, SWEET SPIRIT, or "MISERE DOMINE." Song. Poetry from Swinburne's edition of Coleridge's "Christabel." Music by J. S. Davidson.

"SPARISTI." Melodies by Stella.

WHEN I AM DEAD. Song. Words by Christina Rosetti. The music by Lady Jenkinson.

I WAIT FOR THEE, MY ONLY LOVE. Serenade by Stella.

LE ROI HENRI. Song. Words from Molière. Music by Arthur Young Thomas.

SUMMER SERENADE. By C. A. Macirone.

THE BUTTERFLY. By F. Schira.

WILD ROSES. Words by C. D. Cross. Music by Stella.

OUR PICTURES OF THE WAR.

IN our last number we gave a sketch of a barricade at the Place Blanche, Paris. We this week give an illustration, on page 265, of a barricade at the July Column in course of construction. The stones are being hacked from the road and carried to the centre of operations by men, women, and children, who all seem willing workers. To the right a Communist is defending the pass against a stranger, and to the left a brother Red is flirting with two ladies, whilst on the partly constructed barricade are other citizens directing the work. This is all done away with now. The barricades are all down, and the fires are all out, and the enthusiasm of roystering women and drunken men has abated.

On page 256 an engraving will be found of Count Moltke's residence at Versailles. It is a quiet, pleasant-looking spot, and scarcely seems a place wherein to plan a bloody battle; but it was here, no doubt, that Count Moltke, that master of strategy, planned the siege of Paris and worked out a scheme to reduce the beautiful city to ruination. In years to come when Peace shall have long ruled through France, English and American tourists will be shown this residence by the guides as ze house ver Coun Mulky live at ze siege of Payri.

The citadel of Belfort, an illustration of which we also give on page 256, was one of the last to yield. Belfort, particulars of which we have given in previous numbers, is one of the strongest fortresses in France. It was laid out by Vauban, and is protected by an intrenched camp capable of holding 30,000 men. The town is seated on the Savoreuse.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* asks "When is the Assembly coming to sit in Paris? It is evident that nearly everybody, except the Versailles lodging-house keepers and restaurateurs, is getting heartily tired of the dull, wearisome little town that Louis XIV. built. Most of the deputies have returned to Paris, and have only a temporary lodging at Versailles. They generally get back from the Chamber in time to dine at the Trois Frères or the Café Anglais, and there are even spiteful people who say that public business sometimes suffers owing to the anxiety of members to return in time for dinner and the theatre. The Parisians, although they generally begin by telling you that as Paris is well known to be the capital of the civilised world, it is quite a matter of secondary importance whether it is to be the capital of France, are, I suspect, more annoyed than they care to admit at the preference of Versailles over their beloved Lutetia. It is argued, plausibly enough, that the true way to make Paris discontented is to keep on reproaching her with her sins, and insinuating that she is a foolish virgin, that the Assembly cannot consider itself safe within her walls, &c. And again, it is remarked, rightly enough, that if M. Thiers and the country party do honestly consider the moral influence of Paris to be so baneful to the Assembly, they should remove the seat of that august body to some town at a greater distance from Paris. At present nearly all the members of the Assembly are to all intents and purposes residents in Paris, and only run down to Versailles to take part in the session. So that Versailles presents all the inconveniences, and hardly any of the advantages, to be derived from a separation of the political from the real capital of the country; for, wherever the seat of government, Paris will practically always be the capital of France. So many even of the most Conservative and most anti-Parisian journals now advocate a return of the Assembly to the Quai d'Orsay, that I do not think we shall have two capitals much longer. Towards August it is probable that the Assembly will take a holiday, and when it meets again it will be in the old Corps Législatif. It was generally expected that after the review M. Thiers would have announced that the state of siege in Paris, and the department of the Seine, was at an end. As this step will doubtless soon be taken, it is only right to state that now the first rigours of the persecution of true or supposed members of the Commune are at an end, the military authorities exercise their practically unbounded power with the most laudable tact and discretion. During the whole of the current month I have heard of hardly a single complaint against either officers or soldiers. The press has been treated with singular leniency. No notice has been taken of several escapades in which some of the newspapers have though fit to indulge, and I doubt if Paris has ever enjoyed greater freedom of the press than it has under a régime which is generally supposed not only to be hostile to the press, but to be almost incompatible with its very existence. The soldiers, too, have behaved singularly well; for, so far as I have heard, there have been no quarrels between them and the inhabitants, although in quarters like the Faubourg St. Antoine and Belleville the population is very far indeed from regarding the army with a friendly eye. I only recollect to have noticed one soldier drunk in the streets, and he was an ex-guardsman from Germany; he had probably not tasted *petit bleu* for many a long day, and might have pleaded merry-making with long-lost comrades before the sternest of colonels. The men are certainly improved in cleanliness and discipline. To salute officers in the streets, for instance, is now the rule, instead of being the exception, as it used to be. If the men are in good trim as much cannot be said for the horses of the 'Army of Versailles.' Anything more pitiable, not to say disgraceful, than the condition of these poor brutes—especially the artillery horses—cannot well be imagined. Probably from want of sufficient stable room most of the artillery teams have been camped in public squares and gardens in the open air, without any shelter whatever against wind and weather. They are consequently for the most part in terribly poor condition, and one wonders at such a waste of horse-flesh for no apparent reason. The Parisians appear to be convinced that there is no hope of their obtaining better terms for the payment of their rent than those promised by the much-abused law on the subject passed at Versailles during the Commune. They are accordingly flocking in thousands to the different Paris mairies to declare officially their intention to plead extenuating circumstances against the payment of the whole or part of the rent due. There are *queues* to be seen before the mairies which remind people of the days of the siege, when you had to wait for hours in the rain for a small morsel of horseflesh. In practice, the multiplicity of disputes to be heard before the Juges de Paix will give the great majority of tenants the delay they seek, whatever may be the judges' decision between them and their landlords. There is only one Juge de Paix to each of the twenty arrondissements, and it is, I imagine, a very moderate estimate indeed if we put the number of persons who intend to 'try it out' with their landlords in every arrondissement at 20,000; so there will be some work to be done before the landlords can enforce payment of their rent. I suspect that many people only give notice of their intention to try the case simply in order to obtain time, and not be forced to pay at once, as they otherwise would be."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Dead! dead! My warrior brave
Sleeps in a cruel grave;
And I can hear him calling in the night.
Sad spirits round my bed
Keep whisp'ring "He is dead!"
Oh! will these spirits never take their flight?

I hear a mother mourn
The death of her first-born,
Who in his prime has gone to his last sleep;
A widow sheds a tear
Upon her husband's bier;
My grief is greater, for they both can weep.

Mine is a silent woe,
No soothing tears will flow
From eyes that throb with agonising pain.
Oh, would that I could die
For then—then only—I
Shall meet my love in happiness again.

LINDSAY DUNCAN.

SUCH is the demand for labour in the North, that Mr. Pease, M.P., has opened an office in the East of London for the engagement of persons desirous of migrating thither for employment.

WE (*Army and Navy Gazette*) have good news for four or five hundred anxious aspirants to military fame. So soon as the Army Bill has passed through the dangers which may still befall it, the Direct Commission List is to be turned to, and some hundred names extracted for immediate appointment to first commissions. To those who are anticipating service in the cavalry we may state that cornetcies will be pretty liberally bestowed.

THE remains of the late Mr. George Grote, the historian, were buried in Westminster Abbey on Saturday morning. Camden's bust is the nearest to the grave, and from above Garrick looks down upon the latest addition to the honoured company of dead. The pall-bearers were Earl Granville, Earl Stanhope, Lord Overstone, Lord Belper, Lord Romilly, the Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., Mr. J. S. Mill, and Professor Jowett. The inscription on the coffin was—"George Grote: born 17th November, 1794; died 18th June, 1871."

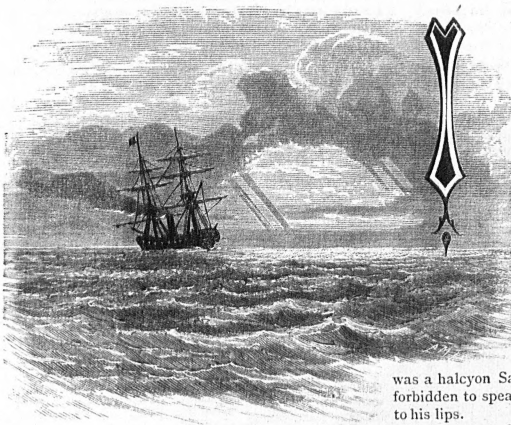
THE following sarcastic advertisement, which recalls the polished wit of the days of Steele and Addison, recently appeared in the *Times* :—"Should the person now in possession of a leather portmanteau, or its contents, lost at Bishopstoke station on Friday, the 14th of April, and at that time the property of Viscount Sidmouth, be deterred, by feelings of delicacy, from restoring the same to the former owner, he would confer a great favour upon him by, at any rate, sending the letters and papers, however interesting, when their perusal shall have been accomplished, to No. 92, Portland-place; in which case no allusions of a character to wound the feelings of either party will be made to the transaction. Should, however, the individual in question be able to subdue his *mauvais honte* sufficiently to restore the whole, his generosity will be appreciated and rewarded."

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

CHAPTER V.

> "Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
> And death seems in the word farewell."



I TRIED to get away on Saturday, thinking that my friend would like to be quite alone with the Dashwoods, but it was no use; Hugh was determined that I should stay to the last. So I stayed, and I believe I was of some value in engrossing the manufacturer's society, and listening patiently to a good deal of talk about trade unionism and the manner in which commercial England was digging her own grave, while Hugh and Laura strolled side by side among the shady paths of the shrubberies, and on the broad sunny walk beside the moat, making a poor pretence of being intensely interested in the fish that glanced to and fro under the dark, still water, or in the showy groups of geraniums on the sloping bank.

I knew that they were happy—that it was a halcyon Sabbath for Hugh Damer, though he was forbidden to speak the words that must have risen so often to his lips.

We went to the old church, just beyond the gates of Churleigh Wood, in the morning; and Laura sat under the white marble tablet that recorded the virtues of Hugh Damer's dead mother, while all about and around us were effigies of departed and heroic Damers, who had worn sword or gown in the good days that were gone.

That peaceful Sunday came to a close at last, and I thought at nightfall that there was a look of sadness, and even disappointment, in Laura's expressive face. Perhaps she had expected something more from Hugh Damer than those airy nothings, those graceful compliments which had been his tribute to her that day.

The Dashwoods left very early next morning, and I, who was to go away half an hour later, was present at their departure. I saw a sad, wistful look in Laura's face as she wished my friend good-bye.

"There shall be no change in this place that *I* can help, Mr. Damer," she said gently; "be sure of that."

"You are an angel of kindness, Miss Dashwood, and I am almost happy that my old home should pass into your hands."

"And yet it was a strange caprice to sell it," she said, wonderingly.

"A caprice—yes; but you see it is the nature of men to be fickle."

"And I suppose you are like the rest of your species," she answered, with a faint sigh. "There are some family portraits, by the by, that you will wish to keep, of course," she added, shyly. "They shall be sent to you when you are settled."

"You are all goodness. I will ask for them—when I am settled."

"Come, Laura," cried Mr. Dashwood, "are you going to keep Damer there for ever with your chatter? Remember that I have an appointment at Dedham at two. Good-bye, Damer; be sure that this place will always be your home whenever you like to come to it."

"A thousand thanks—good bye, good bye, Miss Dashwood."

And so those two parted, with not so much as a farewell pressure of the hands to betray Hugh Damer's love.

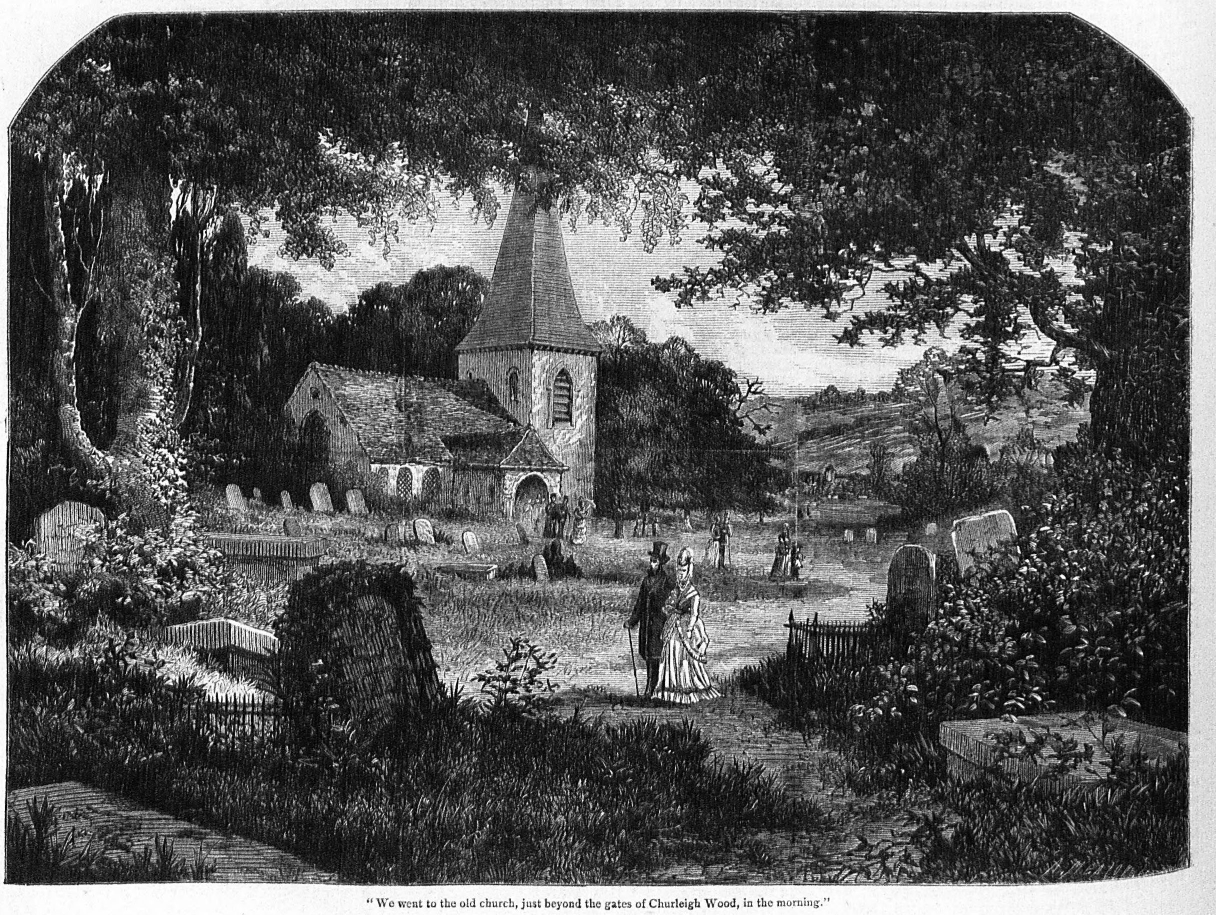
"God bless her!" he said, softly, after he had stood for some minutes, silently watching the carriage as it drove along the broad road that circled the gardens, and disappeared in the avenue leading to the gates "God bless her fair young face—she's the sweetest girl that ever I looked upon, and I think she could have loved me, if I had been free to ask for her love."

"Think she could have loved you!" I echoed, indignantly, "Why, I know that she loves you, and that you have almost broken her innocent heart by not speaking out like a man. If you had only made a clean breast of it yesterday, when you and she were meandering about the gardens, in an obvious state of mutual spooniness, you might have had everything comfortably settled with old Dashwood this morning."

"No, Fred, it's impossible—I am a beggar."

I had no time to argue the case just then. The dog-cart was waiting to drive me to Doncaster in time for the up-train; I begged Hugh to come straight to me when he came to London, which I expected him to do speedily, to make my quarters his home whenever he was in town, and to trust me fully, in honour of our friendship, which meant nothing if it did not mean a real confidence in each other. He promised to do this, shook my hands heartily, and hurried me off to the dog-cart. My last backward glance showed me the tall figure standing alone upon the broad gravel path by the moat, in the beloved home which was his no longer.

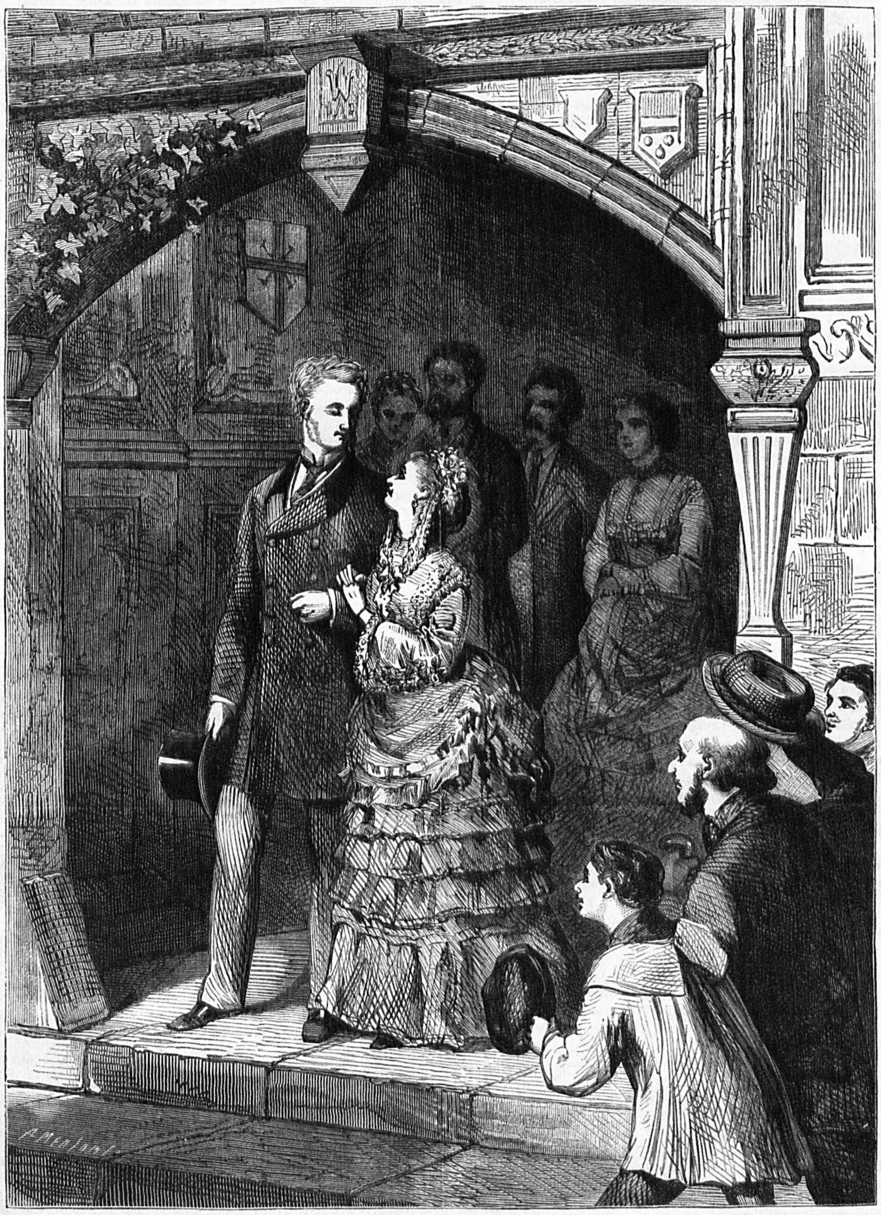
He never came to me; my anxious and laborious inquiries about him resulted only in the vaguest possible information. No one, either in London or at Churleigh Wood, could give me any definite account of his whereabouts. There was a general impression that he had gone abroad, but no one could say where. He had settled his affairs in a speedy but satisfactory manner, paid all his racing debts in full, and some other creditors, made a composition with others, and so on; and had left Churleigh quietly one October morning, with a single portmanteau and with a scrubby Scotch terrier



"We went to the old church, just beyond the gates of Churleigh Wood, in the morning."

called Nailbrush, which had been wont to sleep in an old hat box in his dressing room, for his only companion and attendant, bound none knew whither. Every one spoke well of him and wished him well, but no one could set my mind at ease as to his fate.

I remembered that wild talk of his about making an easy end of all his difficulties with a pistol, and for a long time I was haunted by a dreadful fear. I watched the newspapers for accounts of nameless suicides; I visited dead-houses to look upon hapless creatures found drowned, and unclaimed by the living; I put myself in communication with the police. Happily nothing came of all this, and I began to hope that Hugh Damer had indeed gone to seek his fortunes in a newer and wider world.



"Two months afterwards, in the grey, misty November, there was a quiet wedding in the old church amongst the effigies of departed Damers."

CHAPTER VI.

"And now those vivid hours are gone;
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart."

FIVE years went by, and I had heard nothing of Damer. Every autumn I had made a point of spending a week or a fortnight at the pretty rustic village near the gates of Churleigh Wood. Every year I fancied that I should obtain some tidings of my friend, every year I became more attached to the place. I had excellent lodgings in the pretty picturesque abode of a farmer's widow, half cottage, half villa, and my annual visit had become quite an institution.

I had grown very intimate with the Dashwoods in the course of these yearly holidays, and the manufacturer had given me many hospitable invitations to make Churleigh my head-quarters. This I did not care to do. The place was too closely associated with my lost friend for it to seem natural to me as a home without him. But it was impossible altogether to resist Mr. Dashwood's friendly advances, and little by little I became a frequent visitor at the noble old house. Laura was still unmarried; no children's voices had yet awakened the echoes of the sombre oak-panelled galleries; Hugh's fancy picture of the fair young mother sitting under the cedar with her babies round her had not been realised. She was no less lovely than when I first beheld her as Hugh Damer's guest, but her beauty had a pensive shadow upon it in these latter days, I fancied; and I wondered whether she still cherished the memory of him who had once been master of Churleigh Wood. Her father told me that she had rejected many suitors, and declined more than one eligible alliance.

"It's rather hard upon me, you see," Mr. Dashwood said, plaintively, "for I am getting old and shaky, and I should like to see my little girl married to an honest man, and established in a good position, before I go off the hooks. She'll have a good bit of money when I'm gone, and a young woman with money is a fair mark for every adventurer."

"I think Miss Dashwood is too wise to become the prey of an adventurer," I replied; "her pure mind would never mistake pinchbeck for gold."

"Yes, she is a good girl," the father answered with a sigh; "but I should like to see her married."

"To a man of equal fortune to her own, I suppose?" I said, anxious to find out how the land might have lain for my friend Damer, had he made Miss Dashwood an offer.

"Well, yes," the manufacturer answered, meditatively. "You see, if a man is poor, it's difficult to get rid of the notion that he's more or less of a fortune-hunter. I should like my daughter to marry a man whose means placed him beyond that suspicion."

"Ah!" I thought. "Then there would have been no chance for Damer."

* * * * * *

When I went to Churleigh Wood next autumn there was no cheery, loud-voiced host to bid me welcome. George Dashwood lay in a newly-built vault, near the resting-place of the Damers, and a handsome monument in the old church bore the record of his homely virtues. He had been dead nearly a year, carried off suddenly, in full health and vigour, as it seemed, by a stroke of apoplexy.

Miss Dashwood had been abroad for the greater part of the time since her father's death, the woman at the lodge told me; but she was at Churleigh now, fondly welcomed by the poor of the district, to whom she had ever been a generous friend. She was more devoted to them, even, than of old, the woman told me, seeing no company, and giving the best part of her life to works of charity and benevolence.

I called upon her on the day after my arrival, and found her calm and serenely lovely in her sombre mourning robes. She had a widowed aunt living with her, a sister of Mr. Dashwood's, a homely matron, who had been a small farmer's wife, and whose existence had been spent in the quiet atmosphere of a rural homestead, an honest, kindly soul, who spoke a broad Yorkshire *patois* that was almost like a foreign language to me, and to whom Laura seemed warmly attached.

We talked much of her dead father, and my hearty praises of him seemed to touch Miss Dashwood keenly.

"You will dine with us before you leave the village, I hope, Mr. Norris," she said, when I was taking my departure. "We are only two solitary women, and cannot offer you a very lively evening, but I know you are fond of the old house."

I accepted the invitation, and dined at Churleigh on the following evening. The curate of the old church, a rather insipid young man, with ritualistic proclivities, had been asked to meet me. We were a very quiet party of four, but there was no dulness for me in that tranquil evening. There was a tender charm in Laura Dashwood's society which I had never found in that of any other woman, and the refinement of all her surroundings seemed more marked now that her father's somewhat *bourgeoise* figure was missing from the picture.

We dined in the cedar parlour, and adjourned for our dessert to the library—a noble old room of octagonal shape, large and lofty, with four wide, high windows, opening upon a flower-garden, which had always been sacred to the chatelaines of Churleigh. It was a sultry evening, and the four windows were all open; the little lawn beyond them steeped in a tender silvery moonlight, the semi-circle of trees that shut us in from the outer world rising dark and high against a cloudless heaven.

On such an evening one has a natural aversion from artificial light, so, by general desire, there was only one lamp lighted in the library, a moderator, with a large opaque globe, and a dark green velvet shade, which stood on an oaken table in a remote corner of the room.

Miss Dashwood officiated by and by with her own fair hands at a pretty little oval tea-table by one of the open windows, and we drank our fragrant orange pekoe flavoured beverage out of old egg-shell china teacups without handles, in a very homelike and friendly fashion. After tea Mrs. Pollard, the farmer's widow, retired to a shady corner, where, I think, she indulged in a placid slumber, while the curate withdrew to the lamp-lit table, and amused himself turning over a portfolio of photographs, collected by Laura during her late travels.

Miss Dashwood and I were thus left alone at our open window. She was seated in a meditative attitude, looking dreamily out at the moonlit lawn, and for some time I could see that she bore her part in our conversation in a half mechanical manner, and that her thoughts were very far away. This became so obvious to me after a little while that I left off talking altogether at last, and we sat in silence, both of us looking out at that tranquil garden, so fair in the solemn hush of the warm September night.

"Do you know what anniversary this is?" she asked me, by and by, in a sudden way that almost startled me.

"An anniversary?"

"Yes, the fifteenth—the date of the St. Leger which we saw run with your friend, Mr. Damer. You—you have not heard of him lately, I suppose?" she asked, timidly. I doubt whether in the broad light of day she would have found courage to ask me that question. Certainly she had never asked it so directly before.

"I have had no tidings whatever of or from him, in all the five years that have gone by since that day."

"Do you think he is dead?" she asked, her voice trembling a little.

"Well, no; I can't bring myself to believe that. You know the proverb about bad news. I think if anything had happened to cut short his career I should have heard of it somehow. I know he had almost made up his mind to emigrate—try his luck in the colonies—and so on."

"I fear he was quite ruined when he sold papa this place."

"Yes, it was all over with him when he brought his mind to *that* sacrifice."

"And I thought him hard-hearted for parting with his birthplace. How unjust I was!"

"Indeed, Miss Dashwood? I do not believe you were disposed to be ungenerous to him."

"Ungenerous! No; he would not have found me ungenerous, if he would only have trusted me."

Her tone was unspeakably tender as she pronounced those few last words.

"There was no one more anxious than I that he should trust you," I said; "for I knew how dearly he loved you."

"Loved me! And you knew that?"

"Yes. I knew that he loved you with all his heart and soul. But he was too proud to offer himself to you in his beggary."

She made no remark upon this. I, too, was silent, for I knew that she was thinking of my friend; knew, as I had known from the first, that she loved him.

Presently—with a suddenness that startled both of us—there came a shadow athwart the moonlight—the tall, gaunt figure of a man—a figure which seemed at once strange and yet familiar to me, and the sight of which set my heart throbbing violently.

He came across the moonlit lawn, and stood facing the window where we sat. Laura Dashwood rose to her feet, looking at him intently, very pale in the moonlight.

"Good evening, Miss Dashwood," he said in a low voice, and with that quiet ease of manner which some men would carry with them to the pillory or the block. "Is there any welcome at Churleigh Wood for a wanderer and an outcast?"

"Mr. Damer!" she cried, and I could hear the rapture in the faint yet eager cry.

"Hugh, dear old Hugh!"

I had clasped his hands in mine. How thin and wasted the once muscular fingers felt as I grasped them!

"Why, what is this, dear boy, you are as pale as a ghost?" I exclaimed, as Hugh Damer dropped heavily into a chair.

"I have been very ill on the passage home—intermittent fever or something of that kind—there was no doctor on board ship, but the skipper physicked me in a rough-and-ready fashion of his own, and at one time he gave me little hope that I should ever see the old country again. However, I pulled through somehow. I have rather a strong will, you know, Fred, and I grappled with grim death hand to hand. I wanted so to come home."

"After five years, Hugh," I said. "Why not in all those five years?"

"I had a purpose to accomplish, and I waited till it was accomplished. When that was done the home sickness grew upon me like a kind of madness. I overworked myself, perhaps, a little towards the end of my exile; I was so eager to return, to look upon Churleigh Wood once more. But I had not been on board the vessel three days before I was struck down by this wretched fever; and till within a week of our landing I was not able to drag myself on deck. We only reached Liverpool this afternoon, and I have pushed across country as fast as the railways would let me, wasting most wearisome intervals at out-of-the-way junctions, and altogether enduring a prolonged trial of human patience. Thank God, I am here at last! Miss Dashwood—Laura—there was something I would have given the world to say to you on that last happy Sunday we spent in this house—something I dared not tell you then. I have come from the other side of the world to say it now."

When this secret was told I know not; but I know that we finished the evening very pleasantly, weak as Hugh Damer still was. He went home to share my lodgings with me, and my landlady and I nursed him between us, and made a strong man of him in a very short time. This being done, I was fain to return to the busy world, and leave my old friend in possession of my quarters.

Two months afterwards, in the grey, misty November, there was a quiet wedding in the old church amongst the effigies of departed Damers, and the fair young mistress of Churleigh Wood took the name of its old masters.

"Well, darling," Hugh said to his bride, as they stood in the old Gothic porch, waiting for the carriage that was to convey them on the first stage of their honeymoon journey, "I suppose you think you have married a pauper?"

"I know that I have married the only man I ever loved, Hugh," she answered, in her low tender voice, "and that is all I have ever thought of."

"Then I am happy to tell you that he is also one of the richest men in Sydney, my pet," Hugh answered, smiling down upon the fair face. "I went away to redeem my fortune and return to you, Laura, or to remain away for ever. There were no half measures for me. I was a speculator, and a desperate one—for my case was desperate—but an honest one always, dear, and fortune favoured me. I used to fancy that your influence protected and succoured me. There seemed a kind of magic in my success, and the day came at last when I won the great prize, and was master of a fortune that I might fairly ask you to share. Only it was pleasant for me to defer telling you this till you had taken me for better, for worse, sweet one, and to know that you would have taken me penniless."

What need I tell after this? When the happy sound of wedding bells rings out upon the air, one can generally guess the end of the story; although there are those who do come to grief, and ruin worse than death, after marriage.

Those two of whom I have written were very happy; no cloud came athwart their sunshine; and I have seen Laura sitting under the big cedar, with her children round her, and Hugh Damer lying at her feet among his babies—not a lonely exile, wandering far away broken-hearted, as he had fancied himself doomed to wander when he made the picture.

Churleigh opens its hospitable door to me every autumn. The old master of the Glendown Hunt has gone to that quiet rest from which even the deep-mouthed voices of his favourites are not loud enough to waken him, and Hugh has been elected, by the popular voice of the neighbourhood, into that honourable position. He hunts about six times a week; gives hunting breakfasts that are banquets of an almost Gargantuan character, and I go down for a run with him now and then, with my portmanteau stuffed full of briefs—not one of which I look at during my holiday.

Often, on autumnal evenings, pacing up and down by the moat, enjoying the social weed, in a kind of half silence that is pleasanter than talk, we drop out a word or two about that unforgotten Leger.

"It was much better to win the race by your own pluck and industry than by the swiftness of Jezebel's heels, wasn't it, Hugh?" I said once.

"Well, I don't know, old fellow," he answered, in his careless way. "I lost five years of paradise, and had to work like a galley slave among our friends in the Antipodes. But I suppose it makes a better moral."

NOTE.—We have another new and original story of Miss Braddon's in hand, which we hope to publish in the course of a few weeks. Meanwhile, we shall commence in our next a new novel in twenty chapters, by BLANCHARD JERROLD, entitled "BY RAIL TO THE WILLOWS."

EARL GRANVILLE ON THE FRENCH TREATY.

AT the annual dinner of the Cobden Club, at Greenwich, on Saturday, Earl Granville, who presided, spoke as follows of the probable effect of the late war upon the relations between England and France:—"Another question which certainly would have grieved Mr. Cobden was that one consequence of the war is the probability that the treaty of commerce, which he took so much pride in negotiating, is likely, in some way, to be affected. Now, I believe, in this country, even at the present time, there has been some misapprehension as to the views of Mr. Cobden in negotiating that treaty. I believe Mr. Cobden was the last man to think that free trade was to be promoted by reciprocity treaties, or by the haggling over light advantages from one country to another. Whatever Mr. Cobden was, he was not a mere theorist. He was a practical man. He saw how useful the absence of protection had been, yet he was aware, after the example had not been taken up on the continent of Europe, that there generally prevailed on that continent an opinion that England had resisted the bad effects of protection merely from some exceptional circumstances, such as her great sea-board, her accumulated capital, and her mineral wealth, perhaps not recollecting that Switzerland had for years succeeded in the same course, certainly without much access to the sea, I am afraid without great accumulation of capital, and I have yet to learn whether she has any large productions of coal and iron. He believed the opportunity was presented by which not free trade, but a mitigation of its evils, a withdrawal from prohibitive duties, might be started in France, and the germ of real free trade might be planted there. And from the vast influence which that country exercised over the rest of Europe, he was perfectly convinced, as facts have proved, that if France lowered her tariff other countries would follow an example which they would be unwilling to take from us in the first instance. I stated that this treaty appears to be threatened. M. Thiers has rendered during the last month very great services to his country. He has restored peace and order, and I believe in his patriotic wish to maintain liberty, to encourage industry, and to build up the finances of France. It is not for me to read a lesson to so eminent a man dealing with the home affairs of his country, or to say whether the views which on past occasions he has expressed are the best calculated to forward those objects which I believe he has truly at heart; but, on the other hand, I am not prepared to argue against some 200 members of the Cobden Club whether anything resembling protection is the most likely way to encourage industry or to increase the revenue at a time when it is absolutely necessary to be increased. I believe there never was better advice given than that which I saw in a blue book by chance the other day, extracted from a letter from Mr. Cobden to Sir Emerson Tennent, in respect to the action of the chambers of commerce of this country, in praise of the Foreign-office for the performance of its duties abroad. He said he believed it was injurious to our foreign influence rather than otherwise for our Ministers abroad to endeavour to argue foreign nations into the adoption of free trade rather than to let the influence of our example have its natural effect. I need hardly say that if any definite proposal on the subject of the French Treaty is made to us it will be received with the most friendly consideration on the part of Her Majesty's Government. We are really anxious to be of use to France in her present—temporary, I hope—state of depression, and there are several alternative proposals which my colleagues may think it right for me to make; but one thing, I am sure, if they wished me to do it, would be contrary to the wishes of Mr. Cobden, and that is, to renew negotiations for a fresh treaty of commerce based upon a retrograde principle."

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COUNTRY LIFE.

Descriptive Reporting.

By way of illustrating the progress of the special correspondent's art in the country, we are tempted to make a few extracts from a very long and circumstantial report which appeared last Saturday in a Hampshire weekly newspaper. The occasion was an important one. It was the visit of the Hants and Berks Agricultural Society to Portsmouth. The report occupies about twelve columns of the paper, whereof the first two columns take the form of a descriptive introduction, with "thick leads" between the lines. The reporter was looking round him and taking note of men of mark as they made their appearance on the field. Thus is he inspired :—

> "And ha! whom have we here? We've surely seen that jovial countenance before. If an agriculturist, he must be a gentleman farmer at least—the cultivator, if not the owner, of a thousand acres. Why, bless us, it is no other than our Conservative member, Sir James Elphinstone; and happy are we at seeing him so well at the end of a long and trying session. We have little confidence in his political tenets, and attach still less importance to his political misgivings, but we think we may trust him to deliver a shrewd opinion on the quality of cattle. We approach him and solicit his judgment on the merits of an animal. Just as we thought. The gallant baronet knows as much, or more, about the beast as about an ironclad, and if he will do us the honour to cast his eye down our description of the cattle, he will find that we have had such unlimited confidence in his judgment as to adopt his opinions as our own."

What pleasant, jovial familiarity! What noble toleration towards a political opponent! What hearty and outspoken recognition of the good old English qualities of the honourable baronet! For his amiability in rendering the reporter his assistance as to the points of the prize cattle, Sir James Elphinstone surely had his reward in this delightful testimony. In diminished lustre several other gentlemen, more or less known by report to the readers of newspapers, figure in these lively columns. Here is an instance :—

> "That tall, reserved gentleman is Lord Northbrook, the Under-Secretary for War; that pleasant, always-smiling face belongs to the Right Honourable Mr. Cowper-Temple, who may become a lord any day he chooses; the dark person there is Mr. Carpenter-Garnier; and the slight, fair gentleman with him is Mr. W. W. B. Beech, the member for North Hants."

We have seen people in a crowd on *fête* days surreptitiously striving to get within the focus of the camera when a photograph is being taken of a salient scene in the day's proceedings. What an anxiety must the celebrities of Hampshire and Berkshire have felt to place themselves within eye-shot of this gentleman of the Press, if they had but known how delicately and graphically he was drawing the portraits of those around him.

More obscure visitors to the exhibition were delineated in the gross, like the mass of heads in the background of the picture of a great crowd. The opening day was very rainy, and this is the aspect in which the Hampshire agriculturist presented himself to the eye of the sketcher in pen and ink :—

> "The British Farmer is under any circumstances a noble personage, but the British Farmer under an umbrella is a sight for the gods, embodying, as it certainly does, the highest combination of physical endurance and provident foresight. Thus provided he is a match for the elements, and we did not notice that the heavy rain greatly interfered with his investigations, which were thoroughly eclectic, and ranged from prize oxen of the Tichborne pattern as to size and weight to self-acting mousetraps and patent corks."

We may or may not like his portrait painting, but when he ceases to be particular, and roves on to generalities, our literary artist certainly betrays talent. Let us note how he classifies the visitors whom the unceasing rain has not prevented from carrying out their resolution to see the show :—

> "As the rain did not come without due warning, country visitors came prepared for the worst. Here is a group, horsey and cattley to the last degree, and to whose 'surroundings' no amount of bad weather can do the slightest possible harm. They are ensconced in top boots and knee-breeches, or long leathern gaiters, with grey cut-away coats or wraps of a very durable material. These are practical philosophers, and have wisely left their womenkind at home, as being of a more perishable character. The moment they have satisfied the receivers-general at the gates, they make straight to the cattle sheds, where they become absorbed for the rest of the day. But the young England party are profusely represented, and may be readily recognised by their billy-cock hats, their short coats, their voluminous scarves, and the characteristic infirmity which they have for thrusting both hands into their pockets. Young England is a social animal, and, as a rule, he is accompanied by the lady to whom he has plighted his troth. And pleasant are the rural maidens to look upon; and, though open to criticism on the subject of bonnets, are for the most part neatly and even fashionably apparelled. Although the youngsters understand the merits of stock nearly as well as their seniors, they evidently think it would be a scandalous waste of time to come all the way to Portsmouth to moon over horses or pigs, though it may never be their fortune again to see such mammoth productions of the latter class. They wended their way to the band stand, the military element being strong within them. It is not often, indeed, that they have an opportunity of hearing music discoursed by such bands, and we trust they enjoyed the treat. At all events they so monopolised it, that, what with their open umbrellas and mouths, scarcely a cadence escaped to the adjoining tents, where dilapidated townspeople had sought a refuge from the rain, which continued throughout the afternoon and evening, gaining strength as night approached. To practical agriculturists and students of character, the experiences of Thursday may have left no sting behind; but to the public at large the day must have proved a bitter disappointment."

The *Hampshire Telegraph* will never be dull while it continues to employ its present staff of descriptive writers. If there is something in the tone of certain passages in this report which jars upon sensitive ears, we must remember, in extenuation, the increasing demand for lively writing, and not forget the difficulties connected with the production of two columns of general description of a rainy exhibition of cattle.

Since we have given the reporter's portrait of Sir James Elphinstone, we will, for the information and edification of the gentlemen of the "International," of whom we have heard so much lately, cull a sentence or two from the hon. baronet's speech at the dinner which followed the Show, indicative of the fine old Conservative principles of which this excellent M.P. is a good example :—

> "Whatever they did, let them guard the capital of the country, for it was the capital of the working man. It might be in the hands of the spendthrift or the debauchee; but as long as it was, he could not bury it in his garden, and had no power to prevent it percolating through the country, thus adding to its wealth. Let the working man, therefore, guard it by his strong arm."

These sentiments were greeted with unmixed applause. Communism was evidently unrepresented at the Hants Agricultural Dinner.

Learning in the Workhouse.

Last week we spoke of the case of one Mr. Leake, an inmate of the Union-house at Canterbury, whom the guardians had elected to be their workhouse schoolmaster. We regret to find that the character of this educated pauper does not improve upon investigation. At the last meeting of the Board of Guardians, Mr. Weir, a member of the Board, gave the results of his inquiries, wherefrom it appeared that Leake

> "Had a wife and children living, whom he did not support, and the former of whom had brought up the children by her own exertions."

This fact, however, did not weigh with Mr. Dance, who still defended the appointment, observing that :—

> "As there was no possible objection to Leake's election, except his age, which he (Mr. Dance) did not consider to be an objection, it appeared to him that the whole question resolved itself into nothing at all. The decision of the Board at their last meeting was that Leake was eligible, and nothing had since transpired to the contrary. He would therefore propose, as a formal resolution, 'that inasmuch as Leake states his inability to procure a certificate (of birth), after having tried to do so, and stating his belief in the correctness of his age as stated, this Board having from their personal knowledge elected him by a very large majority, does not see any reason for reviewing their decision.'"

It transpired in the course of the discussion that Leake had been performing the duties of schoolmaster for six months, on trial, before he was nominated. We quote another portion of Mr. Weir's account of the man :—

> "If they chose this man they would be quartering upon the ratepayers an aged man totally incapable of teaching any useful knowledge to the children. A friend of the speaker's, who had known Leake for over fifty years, said he was the most indolent and lazy man he ever knew. He was obliged to bow to the decision of the majority, but he must protest against such a man upon every point. Sympathy ought to give way to duty in such a case. They must look to the interests of the rising generation, and he thought it exceedingly wrong that such an important office should be filled by a lazy inmate."

Mr. Coppin pointed out that on his own declaration Leake had committed a gross fraud upon the Board. In his application dated 3rd April, 1871, he stated that he was forty-six and without encumbrance, and yet it seemed that he was ten years older, and had a wife and family.

Mr. Welby made a speech, affording some further clue to the qualifications of the pauper schoolmaster :—

> "One of Mr. Leake's good points was that he was a good penman, but he was sure the decision of ninety-nine out of a hundred would be that they ought to look to morals and character besides penmanship, and not choose a man who had not only once deceived the Board, but had repeated the fraud, and had also been eating the bread of idleness in the workhouse for some years, besides having a wife and family. Mr. Leake was an old schoolfellow of his some forty years since, and no one more regretted to see him in his present unhappy position than did the speaker, but he could not give a vote that he thought would be injurious to others. Besides all this, Leake's age was fifty-seven, and he had entered the house suffering from asthma, and it was not likely he would long continue to carry out his duties properly."

On the other side of the account appears the statement that Leake has been the means of establishing evening classes for the inmates, and had kept the school in good order since it had been under his control.

The Guardians resolved to stand by their nomination, and it remains to be seen whether or not the Poor Law Board will confirm it.

Minstrelsy and Burnt Cork.

A band of singers, hitherto classed with what are familiarly known as "nigger melodists," distinguished from other companies of "Christy Minstrels" as the "Queen's Minstrels," have had the courage to fly in the face of popular prejudice and to wash their faces. We have an account in the *Western Daily Mercury* of the appearance of these singers in Plymouth, "for the first time in their professional career, with clean faces." We cut out a portion of the paragraph :—

> "Mr. Bernard, in deference to the frequently expressed desire of the press, has at last determined to eschew burnt cork! This abolition of feature was signalised at the three last performances of the Queen's Minstrels in Plymouth for the season, when these undoubtedly royal musicians appeared, for the first time in their professional career, with clean faces. Lo, it has gone forth that henceforward the faces of the minstrels, excepting 'Bones' and 'Tambourine,' shall be white. The innovation is noteworthy, and for this reason: it shows that shams cannot endure a protracted existence in this age and country. It shows that hitherto 'burnt cork' has been but the eccentricity of a merely acquired taste, and the flickering fancy of an epicurean public; and that nature will assert herself in the end, despite of all whims of illusion, all tricks of invention. The change was fully appreciated by the audience in the town of its first adoption—Plymouth. In fact, that audience, in so far as its marks of unequivocal approbation were concerned, looked with even more than ordinary favour and interest upon this partial relegation of the 'black and tan' to the shades of mistaken customs and worn-out fashions."

From the same critic we quote a few interesting facts relating to the origin and history of a form of entertainment which has grown so popular as that of the Christy Minstrels :—

> "The thing is but an invention of recent date. It first sprang into existence in America, the device of Mr. T. P. Christy, who organised a troupe of Yankee melodists, visited the slave states, obtained a sensational estimate of the eccentricities of negro life, caught the simple plaintive melody peculiar to the black denizens of the land of cotton, wrote ballads accordingly, and improvised an entertainment supplemented by grotesque attire, fantastic dances, and ludicrous colloquisms. The thing was an immense success, though, as an illustration of real negro life after work, it was simply an elaborate exaggeration. Seeing what a brilliant financial success the new entertainment became in the cities of the United States, others of a similar nature were got up, until 'the niggers' became quite a common source of amusement, from New Orleans to New York. The first company that performed with blackened faces in England styled themselves the Ethiopian Serenaders, and appeared at St. James's Hall in the year 1845. The chief members were—Pell (the original bones), Harrington Stanwood, White, and Germain. These were shortly followed by the Ethiopian Delineators, the Lantum Serenaders, and by the Christy's Minstrels, the latter being brought to England by Messrs. Raynor and Pearse on the 22nd July, 1857. Mr. Christy himself never visited England, nor did his company in its entirety. The members constituting the first Christy's in England then were, Mr. Raynor, basso and proprietor, now in America; Mr. D. Wainbold, tenor, now in America; Mr. Burton, baritone, now in India; Mr. Collins, alto, prima donna and bone corner, now in America; Mr. Donally, agent, now in America; Mr. Pearse, tambourine corner and proprietor, dead; Mr. Meeker, violoncello, dead; Mr. Christian, Tyrolean vocalist, dead; Mr. Brown, jig dancer, now in England; Mr. Nish, violin player, also now in England. From the above it may be seen that the original quartette of vocalists and the bone corner are abroad; the great comedian and tambourine corner and two other members are dead; and that the remaining two, Mr. Brown and Mr. Nish, are the only members of the original company now in England.

The history of "nigger" entertainment begins, we believe, with the famous "Jim Crow," a generation or two before Mr. Christy was ever heard of on either side of the Atlantic. Many a time the popularity of this form of amusement has been thought to be on the wane, but it has a vitality not easily stamped out, and we do not believe we have yet come to the end of it. A band of first-class minstrels with white faces, but retaining some of the characteristics of the Christy's, will very likely meet with a good deal of success; but we shall expect to see the "irrepressible" and his imitators turn up before long in some new shape.

Regulations of Debate.

The School Boards, of which something like three hundred have been constituted in England and Wales, form a new arena of debate, and a good deal of discussion has taken place among the members generally as to the rules which shall regulate the making of speeches and the moving of resolutions and amendments. The most remarkable proposal that has come within our observation under this head is one made at a recent meeting of the Dudley School Board by the Rev. W. R. Cosens, vicar of Dudley. It runs thus :—

> "That no member of the School Board be allowed to use offensive remarks respecting any body of clergy or denomination to which he may happen not to belong; and that this be added to the bye-laws."

There is something very specific in this resolution. It goes direct to the point. A motion to the effect that a member should not indulge in offensive remarks towards other members of the Board, or with regard to any belief or principle held in respect by others, would have been, comparatively speaking, vague and pointless. But here the clergy and all denominations are protected. Political parties, social theories, and private individuals may take care of themselves, but the clergy and the denominations are to be shielded from the terrible orators of the School Board. We shall be deprived of the opportunity of seeing how such a bye-law would work; for the reverend gentleman's proposal, for some unexplained reason, was not accepted by the Dudley Board. We trust they will not abuse the licence upon which they have insisted.

THE Emperor of Brazil, accompanied by the Empress, is hourly expected in England, and the *Financier* remarks that ;—"Personally Dom Pedro Segundo is a man of great learning and accomplishments, and, in some respects, even a *savant*. His life in Brazil has been unostentatious, modest, and hard-working; his days occupied in all the details of government, and in the acquisition of knowledge; accessible to the meanest of his people, he has the useful faculty for a Sovereign of appreciating at their true value those in higher stations."

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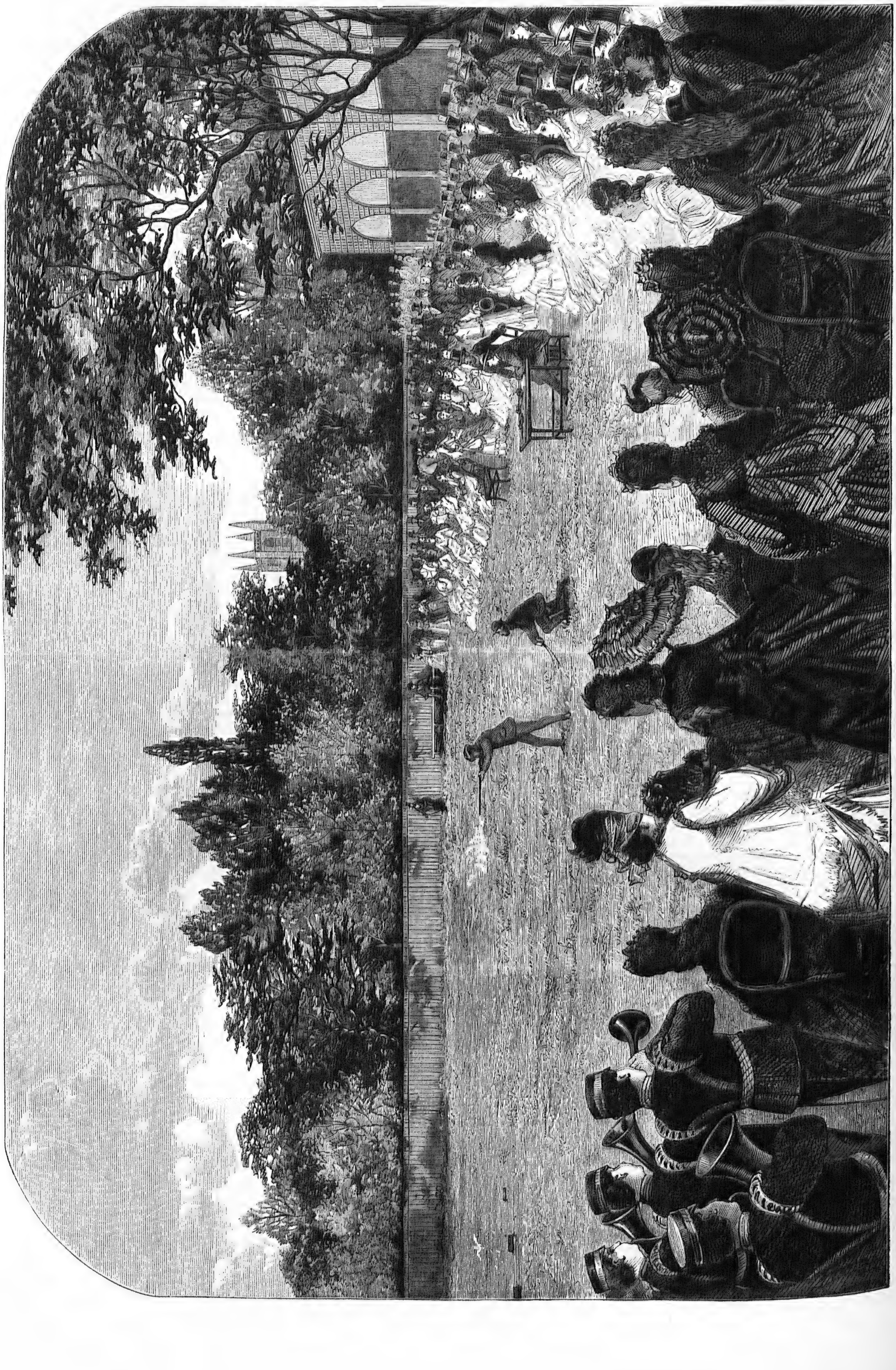


PIGEON SHOOTING AT HURLINGHAM.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT HURLINGHAM.

WE this week give an illustration of the pigeon-shooting meeting at Hurlingham, which has been attacked this year by several leading journals, including the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*. The fashionable journals content themselves with a glowing account of the sports. We extract the heads of our report from *The Queen*, which begins by saying that a "very aristocratic meeting took place at Hurlingham Park last week, on the occasion of the pigeon match between the Lords and Commons, which is always attended with much interest. Among the peers who contested the prize were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Huntly, Lord Anglesey, Lords Suffield, Ilchester, De l'Isle and Dudley, Gosford, Leconfield, Aveland, and Willoughby de Broke; while among the Commons were Viscounts Royston and Holmesdale, Lord Bowmont, Colonels the Hon. Annesley and Edwardes, Capt. Dawson Damer, and Messrs. Hussey-Vivian, Hambro', Vivian, Dillwyn, and Millbank.

"Shooting commenced about three o'clock, and the immediate relatives and friends of the shooters arrived shortly afterwards, and continued to do so till half-past four. They occupied the rows of chairs in the enclosure as near the sportsmen as possible. Two military bands were in attendance, which considerably enlivened the scene, and the day was all that could be desired, with the exception of a few drops of rain, which soon passed over.

"The attendance of ladies was unequalled in the annals of Hurlingham; all London appeared to be present. Chairs were at a premium, the scanty supply being soon appropriated by the first comers, and amicable struggles between noble lords ensued thereupon, each one stretching out his hand for the coveted prize and outbidding the other. It was the same with refreshments; there were strawberries and cream, ices and tea, but tables were bespoken by parties of three and four by the hour to come. You were told that, when perhaps 'seven' parties had taken their turn, this or that table would be at your service, which occasioned some little amusement; the gentlemen laid hands on what they could, for the benefit of their fair friends, though the supply was not equal to the demand.

"As last year, the Commons won the match, the stakes being very high, and Lord Suffield the cup (a handsome silver tankard), he having been the highest individual scorer, and warmly congratulated by the Royal party, amongst whom were the Grand Duke Wladimir and Prince John of Glücksburg. The toilettes of the ladies were very *fête*-like. The Marchioness of Hastings wore a most becoming costume, as did Lady Royston, Lady Yarborough, Lady Carysfort, Lady Stradbroke, Lady Suffield, Lady Constance Howard (the young bride of a fortnight ago, who was accompanied by her sister), Lady Mabel Finch Hatton, Princess Soltykoff, the Marchioness of Huntly, Mrs. Hussey-Vivian, and many others too numerous to mention.

"Cretonne gowns were popular, over silk petticoats, the ladies who wear them aiming at reproducing a figure of Dresden china in their own persons—which result, when achieved, is of questionable taste. We remarked one or two of this description. The first was composed of a petticoat of blue silk, the flounces edged with white lace; the body and tunic of light figured cretonne, looped *à la Watteau;* a very striking hat-shaped bonnet, of blue and white ribbon and tulle, finished with small pink roses; large turquoise ear-rings, and rows of large blue beads round the throat; parasol of blue silk, trimmed with pale pink flounces. Another cretonne costume was worn over a flounced skirt of white muslin edged with lace; the bonnet composed of a combination of light green tulle, pink azaleas, and ribbon; a white silk parasol, trimmed with cherries and heath.

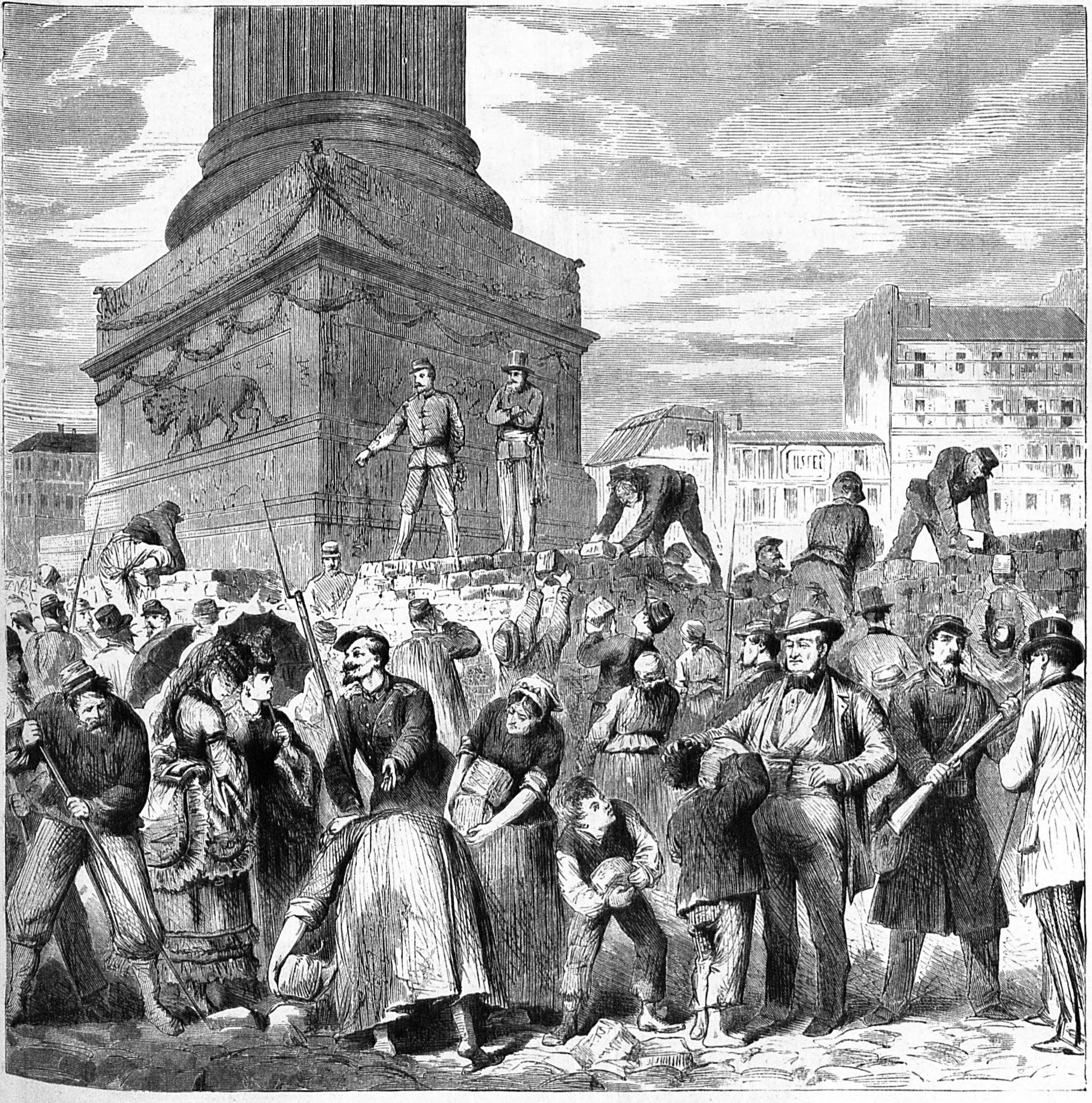
"One beautiful young married lady wore a costume composed of a striped silk petticoat of black and yellow; the tunic and body also of striped black and yellow of gaze de Chambly, trimmed with fringe and plaitings of the same, and sash; the bonnet to correspond; black parasol, with yellow flounces.

"Another was of a bright crimson poult de soie, with crimson and gold fringe; the tunic and body of white crêpe de Chine, also with crimson fringe, and bows and sash of the same. A bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with white marabout feathers and bird with crimson plumage; parasol white and crimson. Space alone prevents me particularising other equally *distingué* toilettes."

The *Saturday Review*, in an article upon the meeting, says:—

> "Perhaps we are mere ignorant cockneys, whose gross vision cannot distinguish the charm which nobler eyes can detect in such amusements. If so, we shall be glad to be enlightened, and to be told what there is really manly or healthy in pigeon-shooting. At present we can only regard it with extreme repugnance; and we imagine that it appears in the same light to all but the initiated. America is supposed to be a land of rowdyism; but in America pigeon-shooting is left to the rowdies; and we could wish to see it abandoned to the same class in England. We have plenty of persons here whose moral tone would not necessarily be much lowered by the slaughter of helpless birds for amusement; but we seriously doubt whether our legislators can afford such indulgence. The glory with which they have covered themselves in a more appropriate sphere is not sufficiently dazzling to blind us to their defects. If they had been labouring with notorious success to root out the social evils by which the land is oppressed, to bring our institutions up to the level of cultivated intelligence, and to make Parliamentary government the object of universal confidence with all classes of the people, we might pardon some little eccentricities. When Wyndham advocated bull-baiting, he had also made his mark on the great political questions of the day. He had something to fall back upon. Can we say as much for the heroes of Hurlingham? Are they placed so high in the esteem of their countrymen by more sterling qualities that they can afford to exhibit themselves in this character to an admiring public? There may be an easy pardon for the overflowing spirits of a high-spirited aristocracy, but if they are not particularly high-spirited, this is scarcely a time in which they can afford to rest their claims to the enjoyment of a great position upon excellence in pigeon-shooting. We must take leave of their performances with the wish that they could manage for once to see themselves as others see them, and could realise the mixture of contempt and disgust with which an ordinary Englishman of the educated class regards the record of their heroic performances."

Pigeon-shooting until of late years has been left to the rowdy element of England. It has been elevated by several aristocratic gun clubs in various parts of the country. Hurlingham has set the new fashion. There is this difference, however, between the rowdy pigeon-shooting matches and that of the aristocracy: the common pigeon-shooters were not attended by their wives and sweethearts.



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I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

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A new Striped Semi-transparent Dress Fabric, elegant as Grenadine, durable as Alpaca; all the new and fashionable colours. 11s. 9d. 12 yards, 24 in. wide; 11¾d. per yard.

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Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

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PREPARED GROATS. PREPARED BARLEY.	For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.
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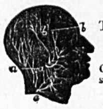

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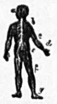

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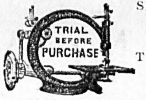

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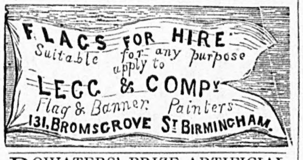

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OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

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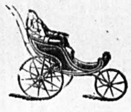

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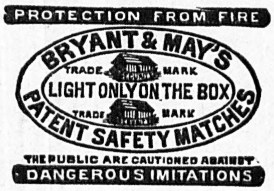

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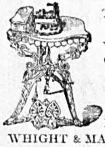

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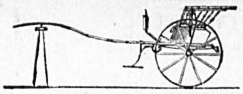

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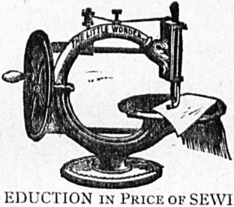

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